Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

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Maine Farmer.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

Enemies of the Wheat Crop.

The, to us, new enemy of the wheat crop, which pounced upon our fields in such numbers last season in the shape of the *aphis* or blue louse, is not unknown in Europe. It is a little singular that they should appear among us almost all at once over so wide an extent of territory. If they will disappear as suddenly as they came, we shall be glad of it. This, however, will probably not be the case. According to the researches of Dr. Fitch, the Entomologist of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, the probability is that we shall be troubled with it during the coming season, unless destroyed by some sudden changes of the weather between this and the season of its approach, (August.) The Dr. is puzzled because he can find no males among them. He says, in his report to the Society, as we see by the last number of the Society's journal, that they are every where on the grain now (winter grain) under the snow, ready to warm into life and activity again, when the spring opens. And on grain growing in flower pots, on which I am keeping these insects in full activity through the winter, to notice what I can of its habits, *no males* have yet appeared. Last summer, such multitudes of parasites, such as lady bugs, and other destroyers of the aphis, had gathered so freely in the grain fields at harvest time, that it seemed as though it would be exterminated by them.

But, at the end of the season, he observes that this insect appeared as common on the young rye as he had noticed in the opening of spring. The present indications, therefore, are that this aphis will be as numerous on the grain the coming summer, as it was the past, if the season proves favorable to its increase.

In regard to our old enemy, the midge, or weevil, who has been rather decreasing as was supposed, Dr. Fitch has made some new discoveries which are interesting. We do not know as this knowledge will be of much service in repelling its attacks when it comes. It was thought by some that one reason of its decrease was owing to the introduction, some how or other, of the fly, or parasite which destroys the midge in Europe but the Dr. says that the insect taken for this, is not the one, and has nothing to do with the midge, and he also says—"After the full investigation that I have made, I can state this fact with confidence, "we have no parasites in this country that destroys the wheat midge." In a lecture a year ago, the Dr. stated to the Society that the wheat midge had wholly vanished in his section the previous summer; not one of its larvæ could he find. The past season, however, the insect appeared again as numerous as ever. This led to a change in his views of the creature, and to ask how it was possible for it to utterly disappear from the wheat one year, and be back in it in swarms the next year? It appears obvious to him that it must, at times resort to other breeding places than those furnished by wheat, and that, therefore, if we were to stop growing wheat entirely for a few years, as has been proposed, we should not starve the weevil or midge out.

On further investigation he comes to the conclusion that its disappearance and re-appearance, was owing to the different conditions of the weather during the two seasons. In 1860 the weather in his section was exclusively dry during the midge season, and in 1861, it was exclusively wet and showery. The midge cannot breathe a warm and dry atmosphere—they must have a damp and moist air. Hence, when the uplands are parched with drouth, the midge must retreat to low moist places and breed, and feed there on grass, or something equivalent to wheat.

From this fact, he draws the conclusion that if the last half of June be unusually dry, wheat that year will escape injury from the midge. On the other hand, if the last half of June be wet and showery, the crop will suffer from its ravages.

We suppose it must be from this circumstance that wheat crops, in Maine, that grow on high, breezy and dry locations have always been less injured by the midge than those crops growing on low and more moist situations.

We hope that the attack of the aphis last year on our wheat and oat crops will not deter any one from sowing their usual quantity of grain the coming spring. They probably injured the grain, by penetrating the kernel, from being quite so plump and heavy as it would have been had they not attacked it, but as they are sluggish insects and a sort of fixture, it is probable that there will be means adopted by and by to dislodge them and check their mischief.

Cycles.

The theory of cycles of the weather, and of good and bad seasons has been in vogue for aught we know, ever since the famous cycles of the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine that we read of in the days of Pharaoh. The term or duration, or periodicity of those cycles have not been determined, nor indeed has the fact that there is in reality such a thing as such a cycle been fully established. Of course every theory in regard to it is founded on slight observations—chance occurrences and "remarkable coincidences." Some have made the duration of them nineteen years. Others bring them down to fourteen years, and others claim a still shorter period.

We have been reminded of these theories and conjectures, by an article which we abridge from an exchange. The observations laid down come nearer to any matter-of-fact system in regard to the idea than anything we have yet seen, and so we give it for the benefit of those of our readers who verily believe that there is such a regular change in nature:

"The uncertainty of the weather and of the crops is an old subject, but it is one about which no agriculturist can feel indifferent. Changeable as the seasons are, there is yet reason to believe that, amid much apparent uncertainty, law and order do still prevail. At least, this much may be held, that in the long run, sunshine will succeed storm, and abundance follow scarcity. There may be a year or two of poor crops, but these will soon be balanced by as many of good crops. We cannot tell how large a period the cycle may embrace, but we may be confident that a cycle there will be.

The French are more given to observing and theorizing on these subjects, than we busy Yankees are. Some time ago, M. Becquerel read a paper before the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, on the culture of wheat in France, in which he presented some statistics worth looking at. His facts show that 'there is a periodicity in the recurrence of good and bad harvests; that five and six years of abundance and five or six of scarcity follow each other pretty regularly.' He quotes from Count Hugo the following table, extending 33 years:

From the year	1816 to 1821	was a period of	scarcity.
"	1822 to 1827	"	abundance.
"	1828 to 1832	"	scarcity.
"	1833 to 1837	"	abundance.
"	1838 to 1842	was mixed period.	
"	1843 to 1847	was a period of	scarcity.
"	1848 to 1852	"	abundance.

Now, let these facts be taken for what they are worth. They do seem to indicate a certain order and regularity amid apparent disorder. Perhaps, if we should make careful observations, we should find a similar law prevailing here. The cycle may extend three years, or five, or some other period, but undoubtedly there is some regular balancing of the seasons.

An ingenious Scotch writer thinks he has found a natural cause to explain this law. He refers to Schwabe, a German astronomer, who avers that the spots on the sun maintain a certain periodicity of about five and six years; then to Gautier, a Swiss savan, who affirms that this periodicity tallies with that of the grain crops. And he reasons that, as the light and heat of the sun are essential to the successful growth of vegetation, it is not unscientific to suppose that the diminution of them should augment the crops, and their increase diminish them.

We are not prepared as yet, to give much weight to this theory; but it will do no harm if farmers remember it as a matter for observation."

Horticultural Hints.

Liquid Grafting Wax. A writer in the *Horticulturist*, gives a recipe for making a liquid wax for grafting. It is cheaply made, easily prepared, and if corked up in a bottle will keep without injury, at least six months. It is applied in a thin coat by means of a flat piece of wood. In a few days it will become as hard as flint, and is not at all affected by the intense heat of our summers, nor the severe cold of winters, neither softening in the one instance nor cracking in the other. The following is the direction for preparing the article, (it is also an admirable preparation for covering wounds in trees:)—Melt 1 pound of rosin over a gentle fire; add to it an ounce of beef tallow, and stir it well. Take it from the fire, let it cool down a little, and mix with it a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, and after that about seven ounces of very strong alcohol, (95 per cent.) The alcohol cools it down so rapidly that it will be necessary to put it a gain on the fire, stirring it constantly, the greatest care being taken to prevent the alcohol from getting inflamed. To avoid it, it is best to remove the vessel from the fire when the lump that may have been formed, commences melting again. This must be continued until the whole is a homogeneous mass similar to honey.

Training Tomatoes. A correspondent of the *New England Farmer*, who has had considerable experience in growing the tomato, speaks in doubtful terms of the practice of training them upon a trellis, in an upright position. His method is to spread coarse litter, leaves, or what is better still, brush, under the vines, before they begin to lodge, allowing them to run as they please. This plan may do well if a gardener has not time to tie them up and pinch back the shoots; although if trained upon a trellis they would occupy much less room and ripen somewhat earlier, two considerations of considerable importance.

Climbing Vines. The following is a very neat method of supporting ornamental climbing vines. Procure a strip of plank about two inches square, and of any desired length, and set it in an upright position wherever it is wanted, for the purpose of producing a pleasing effect in the grounds. Procure next a small hoop and suspend it near the top of the pole by means of strings fastened upon the hoop and extending to the top of the pole where they can be secured. Next, obtain a larger hoop and fasten it near the ground, having strings go in regular distances apart, from one hoop to the other. Plant the seeds around the outer side of the large hoop, and when up, they will readily find the twine and begin their summer ascent. The frame thus built will look better if painted green, and the vines will be an object of delight the entire season.

"The Vineyard." This is the title of a neat eight page monthly devoted exclusively to the culture of the grape. It is published at Jersey City, N. J., by Peck & Rowe. In the second number, in the course of some remarks on the proper time for pruning the vine, the editor says it is quite impossible to say at what exact time the operation should be done on account of the differences in regard to locality. He would, however, recommend to prune at, or just before the time when the sap begins to circulate. It is very important that it be done just at the right time, for although vines may not be injured by a moderate bleeding, yet there is a time when cutting cannot be done without great damage.

Growing Herbs. The *Gardeners' Monthly* recommends, (and we have often urged the plan,) of growing beds of herbs in the garden. They are always looked for in the fall, and are useful for both medicinal and economic purposes. Mint, thyme, balm, sage, summer savory, parsley, &c., should be sown as soon as the frost is sufficiently out, and we hope by thus early calling attention to it, that our readers will heed the suggestion and grow a bed or two of herbs.

Early Peas. Peas may be planted upon any good dry soil as soon as the surface is sufficiently thawed to make a furrow and obtain covering for them. The *Michigan Farmer* states that if the varieties known as the Early Kent, Dwarf Blue Imperial, and the large White Marrowfat, are all sown on the same day, they will give a complete succession through the season of this most desirable vegetable.—s.

Evans' Rural Economist.

We continue to receive with regularity this excellent and practical journal, which, with the number for March, closes its first volume. It is conduced with ability and zeal by Dr. Edwin C. Evans, whose articles abound with practical knowledge and scientific accuracy. The selections from the foreign agricultural press are made with care, and are such as are adapted to our climate and modes of agriculture, being in many cases entirely re-written for this purpose. The work comprises 32 pages in each number, and is issued monthly by the editor at West Chester, Chester county, Pa. We hope its circulation is as extensive as its character merits.—s.

The Cotton Tree Blown Down.

The heavy gales this winter have blown over Kendall's new Cotton Tree that he discovered in Central America, and which he stated would flourish "where an apple tree would freeze to death." We grieve for that. It looks ominous of the downfall of cotton as "King." Kendall had better try his hand again and get up a *wool tree*, one that will grow equally well from the equator to the Arctic sea—that will require no planting, no cultivation, and no care, save only to hold your basket once or twice a year, and let the fleeces fall into it all sorted and labelled ready for the manufacturer. The following from our friend of the *Working Farmer* pulls the cotton over all our visions and tolls the knell of all our hopes and aspirations of a cotton plantation in the Aroostook:

"We regret to state that Mr. R. C. Kendall, so well known as identified with the Perennial Cotton, has recently proved to be entirely unreliable in his statements, and that we believe he has grossly imposed upon the press and the public. We will be happy to refund, to all who have purchased the Perennial Cotton Seed left with us for sale by Mr. Kendall, as we are now compelled to doubt its genuineness. Although we repudiate Mr. Kendall, and all his statements in regard to his success in cultivating the Perennial Cotton in the North, we are in possession of facts establishing the successful growth of Perennial Cotton in Chili and Peru, and will spare no pains or expense, in testing the feasibility of its culture in the Northern States."

Coe's Superphosphate.

The following testimony to the value of Coe's Super-phosphate of Lime is from Hon. F. Holbrook, a well known agriculturist, and the present Governor of Vermont:

Brattleboro', Vt., March 14, 1861.

Gentlemen: I have used your Super-phosphate of Lime, for three years past, principally upon corn, applying it to the crops in various ways. It is my usual practice to spread compost manure broadcast, and put the Super-phosphate in the hill, about a table-spoonful to each. Its effect thus applied is very apparent and striking, causing the corn to shoot ahead with great luxuriance. The deep green color of the stalks is at once noticeable, at as great a distance as the eye can distinguish colors at all. The rapid, healthy growth of stalk induced by it helps to insure a large growth of ears, and well matured grain upon them. The best way, on the whole, that I have found of applying the Phosphate is, to mix it with old dry muck, in a dry, covered place, a week or two previous to use, and in such proportions as to give a pint of muck and a table-spoonful of Phosphate to each hill of corn. I have also used this Super-phosphate broadcast, upon land sowed to oats and other grain, with grass seed, putting on about 250 pounds per acre; the crop of grain and straw was considerably increased thereby, and a superb catch of grass obtained. Finally, I have never known the instance where Coe's Super-phosphate of Lime has not, on trial, proved to be an excellent article.

Very respectfully yours, F. Holbrook.

North Franklin Agricultural Society.

The following are the officers of the North Franklin Agricultural Society, for the year 1862:

President, Seward Dill, Phillips; Vice Presidents, Peter A. J. Norton, Strong, Rufus Brett, Phillips, Wm. True, Avon; Secretary, M. W. Dutton, Phillips; Treasurer, Winthrop Norton, Strong; Trustees, Clark Mitchell, Phillips, J. B. Knowlton, Strong, Azor Dyer, West Freeman, Orison Dill, Phillips, Joseph Bangs, Salem; Collectors, Clark Mitchell, G. Dill, W. Norton, A. Dyer, Joseph Bangs, and Wm. Hoar.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Other Side.

Mr. Editor:—The object of the *Maine Farmer* you say, is to be a medium through which farmers can converse with each other. Several of your correspondents, you say, protest against the Legislature's "taking the stipend from our Agricultural societies, common schools, &c.

I have always obtained my living by agriculture and I always expect to. I have never belonged to an agricultural society. The reason has been, I could not compete with others, and still keep my farm under a good state of cultivation, and have it gaining in value and fertility; and I consider it a question, whether the country is not poorer at the present time for agricultural societies. And I think as agricultural societies are conducted of late they have become a *nuisance* and should be abated by the Legislature. I do not deny but what agricultural societies have been conducive of some improvements, yet I think the way the premiums have been awarded has had a direct tendency to impoverish the farms, and I will explain how. They offer premiums for the best acre of corn, wheat, potatoes, and other crops. Also for the best animals, &c. There are a few farmers who have plenty of money, gotten by speculating in lands, lumbering, or some other way, we call them fancy farmers; they do not cultivate the soil for the profit of it, but only for pleasure; hundreds of dollars are no object with them in hiring labor and buying manures to enrich their farms and adorn them. They have some vanity too; they like to see their names in the *Maine Farmer*, as having the best animals, and raising the greatest crops, and standing at the head of agriculture; and perhaps they aspire to discuss questions pertaining to agriculture before the Board of Agriculture.

There are another class of farmers who lack the means of expensive farming, but are ambitious, and possessed of some vanity too. They don't like to see others going ahead of them, and they strive for premiums at the expense of their farms. I have known some farmers who have from fifty to seventy-five acres in mowing and tillage to haul all their manure on two or three acres for the purpose of obtaining premiums on that; then plow a large portion of their worn out grass lands and sow to oats, (an exhausting crop,) and after threshing them they would feed them to a pair of nice oxen, a nice colt, a cow, a buck, and a few nice sheep, and perhaps a calf, all gotten up expressly for the cattle show, which also have the best hay and pasturage. The remainder of their stock has the oat straw, and the poorer hay to subsist upon, and come out miserably poor in the spring, and not fit to be taken to cattle show the following autumn. Many such farmers neglect to make improvements on their farms after haying, in the way of building stone wall, hauling muck, &c., because it would take the flesh off their nice oxen, and unfit them for gaining a premium. I have many farms in my mind, that have been cultivated in this way, which if offered for sale would not bring two thirds as much as they would twenty years ago. Agricultural shows and fairs as they were formerly conducted were innocent holidays, and some benefit might arise from them; but now it is different. A few fancy farmers, tavern keepers, and fast men, (foremost members of the agricultural societies,) vote to enclose grounds and require a fee for entrance. For to see what? not the best domestic animals, for they are not exhibited as they were formerly there; the horses are going to trot for a purse of a hundred dollars, or so, (a fine way of gambling.) The ladies belonging to the aristocracy are going to ride, (how they build up agriculture;) some Indian or rowdy is going to run, and the animals may go to *grass*, rather than be looked at.

I did intend to say something about common schools, for they seem connected with agriculture just now, but I find that I am getting lengthy; but I will just remark that it costs nearly or quite as much to educate the youth now as it did twenty-five years ago; and it does seem to me that those who graduated at the schools then were fully equal, to those graduating at the present day, in point of worth, regular conduct, and a correct knowledge of the sciences. Nor can much be expected of scholars, while their parents, and those in high places, encourage them in habits of dissipation, vitiating their minds, and disqualifying them for those studies taught in our common schools. C. H. W.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Chapter of Donts.

Comprising Hints Applicable to the Season.

Don't, dear reader I pray you, take everything—or even this—for granted; but don't fall into the opposite, worse error, of discarding everything new, merely because it *is new*, but try, inquire, and above all test all by the criterion of common sense, discard the bad and eagerly welcome the good from whatever source it may come. Don't have a fit of the blues oftener than you can possibly help; it's very deleterious to the health. Don't think your neighbor takes more comfort than yourself; every man's happiness is, to a great extent placed in his own keeping. Honor your profession whatever it may be, and others will honor you for it. Don't think because you are a farmer you have no right or need of studying or to have anything to do with books. No such a thing. You are the man of all men, whom knowledge will benefit and through whom it will benefit the world. Don't say you have no books; if you can't buy, borrow them! if you can't borrow, make lessons for yourself. There's the great book of Nature, beautifully bound and handsomely illustrated, overflowing with subjects the studying of any one of which will make you better and wiser. Don't growl about having "six months winter," but think of our Lapland neighbors who dwell in hyperborean solitude and are still content. Don't stint your stock so as to have a ton or so of hay to spare in the spring, that's a "penny wise and pound foolish policy." Don't let your horse feed on "postmeat" too long before the village tavern or grocery, but eschew bar-rooms, betting room and "good cheer" parties. Don't be averse to giving a fellow traveler half of the road; do as you would be done by, not as you *are* done by. Don't fail to "take the papers," and read them too, that is, all but the telegrams and Congressional doings; the latter is mostly "nigger," and the former is synonomous with misrepresentation. Don't stay at home when agricultural lectures are in the neighborhood, but go and learn; listen with attention, accept what is proven, judge not hastily of new theories, and *don't* pay five dollars for any receipts; they are humbugs. Don't grudge getting the boys new school-books, and be sure they attend school regularly during the winter term, because they are wanted at home next summer. Let them attend all rational places of amusement and recreation, and not keep them doing chores every minute they are out of school and bed, for "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." There's that yoke of steers, two years old next spring, don't let 'em run all winter without being "handled;" the same with the colts, "train up a child the way he should go" and when he gets old "he'll go it." Make your own application. Don't "lay still" these stormy days, but go to the work shop and see to those articles that will be needed in the next season's campaign; repair that plow; put some teeth in the rakes; a piece to the harrow; put some stakes in the racks, and fix up things generally. "A stitch in time saves nine." A few more hints and I am done. Don't be a "bear" about the house. If things don't go just right it won't do any good to grunt, find fault and feel bad about it. Lastly, don't fail to sift the practical in this article from the theoretical, and use just which is applicable to your case. Observer.

Belfast, Me. 1862.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fencing.

As fencing is growing scarce in some parts of the State, I have been thinking there might be something introduced, to take in some measure its place. I am about to try an experiment the coming season, say in September, which I think will be a good substitute, especially on old farms where there are not many stones, and where the turf or sward is thick and tough. I will try and describe the mode of building the fence. Take a large plow and a strong team, and back furrow three furrows together. The first two furrows should be turned so as to meet and lay flat 18 inches wide and 8 inches deep, making the foundation 36 inches wide. The second two furrows should be 17 or 18 inches wide, and 8 inches deep. Cut the second two furrows with a sharp spade, 30 inches long, lay them crosswise, grass side down. You see they will fall short 3 inches on a side. That will leave a shoulder on each side, and it will about take up the two furrows to cover the foundation. The third furrows shoula be 6 inches wide and 8 inches deep; cut them three, four or five feet long, as will be handy to handle, and lay on lengthwise, leaving a space of 6 inches running lengthwise of the foundation or embankment, leaving a shoulder three inches or so on each side, all grass side down. Then fill the 6 inches space with, manure and strew some apple pumace on the manure and take a hoe or rake and cover lightly with dirt, and sow some grass seed on each side of the embankment; and I expect in two or three years to have a fence that will be sufficient to stop anything that a fence should stop. It will look very pretty when it gets old enough to bloom and it will bear some fruit, as it will have the sun on each side of it. This kind of a fence may need some protection from cattle one or two years. The roots of the hedge will soon begin to root into the embankment, and will prevent it from settling. I think such a fence on the sides of the highway and for division fences between neighbors, would answer a good purpose and look very pretty.

I have penned these few lines thinking some others might be induced to try the experiment. I intend planting a few rods with beechnuts if there should any grow the coming season.—Beech makes a good hedge, though it wants to be sheared quite often to make it grow thick and scrubby, while an apple tree hedge does not need any shearing. Yours,

A Down East Farmer.

Otter Sheep.

Belmont, March 11, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—I saw in the *Farmer* some time since, an inquiry for the Otter breed of sheep. There are a few small flocks in this vicinity. I have thirteen, one of which dropped a lamb last Monday weighing ten pounds. My neighbor, Joseph Brewster, Jr., has, I think, about eighteen of the Otter, or as we call them, Creepers. Any one wishing to obtain a few pairs next fall could probably be accommodated by one or both of us. Very respectfully yours,

M. B. Hunt.

Corn Bread.

We have printed many receipts for making Corn Bread, nearly all differing somewhat in the process; but we believe the following, the simplest of them all, lately contributed to the *Prairie Farmer*, is the best, and accords, we believe, with the Southern mode, where they know more than we do about making up corn meal into cake or bread.

"To one quart of good meal, add enough cold water to reduce it to a thin batter—add salt enough for the taste, and then bake till well done in pans an inch deep in the stove oven. If any one has a recipe that will produce a better corn cake than the one above, I have not yet found it.

Agricultural Miscellany.

What the Farmer Needs.

He needs to save the house slops, and how shall it be done? The sink water, the washroom slops, the chamber slops and the privy accumulation; these are all strong fertilizers, and never should be wasted. The sink water is filled with soap, grease, and crumbs from the table. Nothing that is produced on the farm by the legitimate operations of farming, has a supply of nutriment better adapted to almost any crop than sink water, if rightly applied. It has a wonderful effect on grass land, whether applied in liquid form or conducted upon a pile of muck or loam. The easiest way is to conduct it about in spouts, but other duties often cause a neglect in moving them about, and a small patch often gets more than its share. The next best way is to throw it upon a pile of muck or loam. Ten cartloads may be saturated by the sink water made by an ordinary family in a single summer, sufficient to make a good topdressing for grass land, or a good fertilizer for fruit trees. The pile should be worked over with the shovel two or three times during the summer. This manner of disposing of it will cheat the boys out of their best chance for "fish worms," but a tight half barrel set in the ground, filled with rich loam, with now and then a pail of sink water put on, is the better place for them. Having this arrangement, it may be filled with worms early in the spring when they are plenty, and they are always ready. The boys being satisfied on this point there is a ten dollar argument in favor of attending to the sink spout. The washtub comes next. From this issues every week a large amount of fertilizing material. In most cases, this is thrown entirely away. This should not be. One might as well have a hole in the bottom of his purse. In fact it amounts to the same thing. A waste of manure is just as fatal to the farmer's prosperity as a waste of money. Should a man raise a crop of corn, and, as he gathered it, throw it load after load into the river, he would be counted insane, and would find a lodgment in some lunatic asylum. But we pour out and let run to waste, day after day, what would produce a crop of corn or a crop of fruit. Is not the man who does this just as insane as the other? This may look like a small matter, but if small matters are not attended to, how can we succeed in larger operations? The suds may be used in the same way that the sink water is. It may be poured about the grape vines, and perhaps a better use cannot be made of them.

Another decided mistake made by a majority of farmers is the neglect they manifest in providing a spacious vault for the privy, and then in supplying it with good absorbents. Dana asserts that the privy of a family of six persons, if rightly managed, will furnish material enough to grow an acre of corn every year. How is it with a majority of farmers in this matter? Instead of fifteen or twenty loads, two are hardly obtained. For those who have the chance, a large vault capable of receiving the sink water, the soap suds, the chamber slops and the contents of the privy, would be just the thing; and then apply the whole in a liquid form to grass land. It would save much expense in carting, and would be quite as efficient as a fertilizer.

There was a story that went the rounds of the papers a few years ago, that illustrates this subject of saving manure completely. There lived a farmer who had a particular fancy for nice pigs. He had a yard full of fine squealers, and had become quite proud of them, when all at once they began to squeal most terribly and to grow thin. The farmer increased their supply of feed, but to no purpose. They continued to squeal and grow poor. He laid the case before a neighbor, and asked his opinion. The neighbor looked at the pigs and concluded there must be something wrong about the trough. He made the suggestion, and soon, lo, and behold! a hole was found in its side. "Stop that leak, and I guess your pigs will get well," said his neighbor. Now every farmer has a brood of lean acres, exceedingly hungry for a little feed—that very feed that runs off from these leaks in the trough. Let the leaks alluded to above be closed up at once, and then follow up the plan at the barn, and the tide will soon turn upon the poor farmer, and he will no longer be puzzled about the real cause for lank, lean, squealing pigs.—*N. H. Journal of Agriculture.*

Sorghum Culture.

The opinion expressed in these columns when the Chinese Sugar Cane was first introduced into the United States, that it would eventually become a regular crop upon our farms, will soon be realized. The first experiments made of it in this region, satisfied us of its adaptability to our country, as well as its profitableness as a crop. These experiments were conducted on a fair scale, and were made intelligently for exact information as to the value of the cane for the production of molasses and sugar. We watched them carefully, and were eminently satisfied with the results. In only one year after small patches of the cane were cultivated by many farmers in various parts of the country—we having ourselves distributed the seed to over eight hundred farmers—and at all the county shows in Eastern Pennsylvania and Western New Jersey, samples of the molasses were exhibited, some of which was of excellent quality, and fully equal to that generally used in families. At two exhibitions which we attended, either in 1858 or 1859, there was a number of samples. At the one at Newton, Bucks county, we found twelve or fifteen samples, a few of them equal to sugar-house molasses, and all of them quite up to the West India article. There was considerable competition among the exhibitors, and the interest manifested for the success of this new article of production was very lively, promising increased attention. The other exhibition was at Mount Holly, New Jersey, where the samples were quite as fine, though few in number. A mill was in operation at the latter place grinding the canes rapidly and well, and eliciting much attention. We asked several housewives at both places whether there was any more labor or skill required to make molasses than apple-butter, and in every instance the reply was in the negative; indeed it was generally agreed that it demanded less of both labor and skill.

Nevertheless, the cultivation of the cane did not progress. The novelty had passed off, and the additional attention called for by a new crop, coming within the domestic range rather than as a prominent crop of the farm, caused to be neglected, much in the same manner as of the fruit and general garden productions of the general farmer. Still the start was given. There was a nucleus remaining, which at any future time might form the basis of farther experiment and ramification; and we are pleased to say that time has arrived, and that the subject at this moment is attracting more interest than at any former period. In the West especially, Sorghum culture, as we have lately several times stated, has assumed considerable proportions. State and county convention of farmers have been numerous within the last three months—and the proceedings of all of them, so far as we have seen, there has not been a dissenting voice as to the successful cultivation and value of this new crop. Samples of both molasses and sugar, of good quality, were uniformly exhibited and approved. In another year nearly if not quite the whole West will be supplied with domestic molasses; and in two years the same will be the result as to sugar!

Chinese Sugar Cane is as easy to raise as Indian corn, and as sure a crop. It requires the same kind of cultivation and treatment. The rows about the same distance apart, the seed prepared in the same way and planted at the same time. We think, however, that it is decidedly better to plant it *in drills*, dropping the grain say six inches apart. This will produce higher stalks and larger panicles, and almost certainly a heavier yield. Care must be taken to plant it away from broom-corn, with which it will mix; also to procure genuine seed. No doubt plenty of seed will be on hand at our seed stores in due season.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Cattle Disease in Massachusetts.

A Committee of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture publishes the following statement of facts in relation to the recent reappearance of the cattle disease in that State:

"Having good reason to fear that the disease known as pleuro-pneumonia (so fatal in its ravages among the neat stock of North Brookfield and vicinity, in the years 1859 and 1860) has again made its appearance in several towns in the county of Norfolk, they feel it the duty of this Board to warn the farmers and others, owners of neat stock in the Commonwealth, that the time has arrived for them to take every precaution to prevent the spread of this scourge; and in view of its contagious nature, they would urge the necessity of the greatest care being taken by all interested in purchasing or permitting strange cattle to come in contact with their herds.

The disease now claiming our attention made its appearance in the town of Quincy last April, breaking out in two herds nearly simultaneously. Eight animals from one of the herds were sold to a person in Randolph in the month of September, for eighty-five dollars for the lot. One of these animals died before reaching the home of the owner, and three more shortly after. The other four have been lost sight of.

One herd in Milton and also one in Dorchester have been affected for some months. Four animals from one of these herds, which had been sick during the summer of last year, but had apparently recovered, were taken to Brighton in the fall and sold. Four of the other herd have since died or been killed—all presenting a seriously diseased appearance. On examination by the veterinarians conversant with the Brookfield complaint, they pronounced it identical, so far as they could judge. There are four or five animals still left of this herd, some of which are either sick or showing symptoms of contagion.

There are also other cases which have not been examined—the Selectmen of the towns waiting the action of the Legislature in passing a law authorizing a new commission. The law has now been passed and the commissioners appointed, and we would respectfully urge upon the gentlemen composing that commission the great importance of immediate measures to investigate the disease, and, if necessary, applying the remedy placed by the law in their hands, that the ravages of this fearful pest (which there is little doubt is identical with the Brookfield disease, and which can be traced to that neighborhood,) may be stayed.

There still being doubters in the community as to the existence of contagious pleuro-pneumonia, earnest attention is called to the thorough and convincing report of the first Board of Commissioners, with accompanying documents, published in the report of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture for 1860.

We believe that no person, however prejudiced he may have been, who has been present at the examinations of affected animals, has failed to become convinced of the contagiousness of the disease; and it would seem impossible that any one can doubt this fact, who will take the trouble to examine the various reports that have been made in Europe and in this country on the subject.

Maine Board of Agriculture.

Breeds and Management of Sheep.

BY FARNUM JEWETT.

The Board in giving out subjects last year allotted me one of as great and perhaps greater importance than any other. I feel that I cannot do justice to it.

Sheep husbandry will be profitable, or not, in proportion to the skill with which selections are made, and the judicious care bestowed. It is well known that a large share of the land in Maine is better adapted to sheep, and a large proportion of the fodder obtained pays better returns when fed to sheep than to other stock. Even at the low price which wool has borne for some years past it could be grown at a profit, and more profit would be realized if better breeds were obtained.

I do not propose to go into statistics, as these have often been alluded to before the Board, but rather to present facts and observations as have come under my notice. First as to the most profitable breed. Wool and mutton should both be considered, as neither alone will give satisfactory returns. My experience leads me to prefer a crop of the improved South Down. Procure a pure bred buck of this breed, and cross him with large, well formed ewes. Grades of the Cotswold and Leicester are well adapted for this purpose. These are of large size, heavy fleece, coarse, long wool, have a good flow of milk, rear their lambs well, and endure the cold better than most other kinds as large.

I wish to give no offence, but I must be allowed to say that proper food and care are always necessary. If nature is expected to do all, and the man lie in the shade in summer, and sit by the fire in winter, and let his animals suffer from neglect, you may as well begin with scrubs, for the best in the land will soon be nothing but scrubs after all with such neglect.

I have a pure bred South Down buck from Thorn's flock, New York. Mr. Thorn obtained his stock of Jonas Webb, England. He endures our climate better than any other I have ever had. The half bred lambs out of large ewes are superior, both for wool and mutton. They are thick through the shoulders and thighs, broad across the back, and completely wooled on the belly and legs; no coarse wool about them. They yield a large fleece, and the meat is of very superior flavor, sweet and juicy, well mixed with fat, and the very best kind of mutton. Farmers who will start a flock in this way will be well paid, even if the cost is large at first. The return will be three-fold in wool and lambs and quality of meat, together with a saving of expense in keeping. Is not this worth looking after?

Management. This is viewed very differently by different persons. Some contend that sheep should not be housed at all, nor watered, and the exposure to cold and storms makes them hearty and rugged. Such men labor under a great mistake. My experience is that they will do better with shelter. They should have a good warm shed or barn where they can go both in wet and in very cold weather. Sheep will not drink much water at a time, but they will drink oftener than any other stock if they can have easy access to it, and they look better and are better in all respects than those which get no water.

Good and suitable racks should be provided. I am perfectly satisfied that sheep will thrive faster on the same amount of food from a rack than if it be thrown under their feet. They will do well on almost any kind of fodder which is well cured and properly fed out, without grain, and the next summer they thrive better than those that have been highly grained through the winter. They should not be confined in small pastures without frequent change, as their manure soon enriches the land and they will not graze well where the grass becomes rank.

It has been said that much depends on location, but there is not a foot of land in Maine too good for sheep; yet they will thrive on poor land. Sheep, lambs and wool can be, and are sold in all locations; therefore I hold that the kind which gives the most and best wool, and the best lambs for the butcher, is the kind of sheep for Maine farmers.

Those who keep Merinos will acknowledge this if they will make the change. Wool from the pure improved South Down is but a shade coarser than the Merino, and for lambs and mutton. The superior quality is so marked that all are convinced that have used both.

I do not contend that a profit can not, and is not derived from all kinds of sheep; but a larger one may be realized by this cross. I recommend, and if any sceptic will give it a fair trial, and is not satisfied, come to me and I will try to give him satisfaction.

Culture of Buckwheat.

BY C. CHAMBERLAIN.

The Committee commend this crop to the favorable attention of farmers, briefly, from these considerations: This grain is a wholesome and nutritious food for man and beast. It is adapted to our soil and climate, and succeeds well, giving fair returns in each section of the State. On the poorer soils, where the other and usually cultivated crops cannot be grown, it is especially successful. From the trifling cost for seed, this crop becomes a cheap fertiliser.

In 1850, the value of this grain returned in this State was $104,000. In 1860 it had increased to $340,000.—This grain is in part through increased farm operations on our northern and eastern border, but not wholly in that direction, as it has, during the last decade, been adopted in older settlements, where its claims had not before been recognized, and where it retains a place on the best conducted farms.

The rough seed variety is now preferred, as being less subject to blight on the more fertile lands, and equally productive on the poorer soils. When sown to plow in green as a manure, in the preparation of land for succeeding crops, the smooth seed variety is best, as it gives a larger amount of foliage.

Report on Feeding Farm Stock.

BY ROBERT MARTIN.

This topic may not in one sense come legitimately before the Board, for however much time and talent may be devoted to it, definite results and exact conclusions may not be expected; yet it is one of much importance to all the interests of Maine. The census returns of 1860 give the hay crop of the State at 975,890 tons; to this add the rough fodder, roots and grain usually fed to stock, we have an aggregate exceeding 1,000,000 tons of first class hay—cash value $10,000,000 at least. The annual expenditure of this sum calls for careful investigation, and constant search for the most economical mode of converting so large an amount of the produce of the farms into bone, muscle, fat and fertilizers. We think it not extravagant to assume that if careful experiments were instituted and results truly noted, and the community made acquainted therewith, a saving to the State of at least ten per cent. or $1,000,000 annually would be the result—a sum which the State can ill afford to lose at any time, and especially now when war is in our face, and exorbitant taxation (the inevitable result of war) is close upon us.

A good sized one-year-old in usual flesh at commencement of winter, will weigh about 600 pounds—an ox 1500 pounds. It is not so uncommon as it ought to be, for them to fall off during the winter from one-fourth to one-third in weight, for want of proper food and shelter. The result is, the owner has lost on the year-old, 200 lbs., and on the ox 500 lbs. of beef during the winter, which is worth in the one case $8, and the other $20. The animals have really consumed one-third of themselves to carry them through the winter. Often our neat cattle are fed in the winter on beef and tallow, sheep on mutton, hogs on pork and lard, horses on horse-flesh—all expensive articles of food compared with hay, grain, and the various root crops.

Animals are but machines to convert the food consumed into substances of more ready and greater value; now if the food supplied fail to support the wear of the machine, the animal will decline in weight; under this system of feeding the loss is three-fold, viz: Depreciation in weight, the time spent in feeding, and the food consumed. Again, if the supply be sufficient only to maintain the animal in like condition at the end as the beginning of the time of feeding, the loss is two-fold, viz: Time in feeding, and food consumed; that manner of feeding only is successful which, for every pound of food consumed gives a satisfactory return, either in sustenance, increase of weight, butter, cheese, wool, labor, in *something profitable* and necessary, and whoever fails to come up to this standard will be likely to say, "farming does not pay."

Regularity in time and quantity is indispensable to successful results in feeding. All animals should be fed at regular hours, and no more given at one time than they will eat with a keen appetite. Extremes should be avoided both in food and drink; change from green to dry food, and from dry to green should be gradual—Either of these changes should extend through a period of a week or ten days at least. They should be supplied with such food as will make them improve during the first month they are fed from the barn. The young and feeble, if allowed to decline during this period, require much care and nutritive food to arrest a downward tendency till the weather moderates in spring. Very little if any less importance attaches to drink than food. If possible, animals should be supplied with clear, pure water, free from ice, and that under a shed or lee where they can drink at their leisure; if required to go a long distance, and drink in a cold place, they will not go till they are in a suffering condition from thirst, and will then drink more than is for their health.

Corn fodder, coarse hay and straw should be fed during the warm days or thaws in winter, and the finer and more nutritive food given in coldest weather. The str

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, March 20, 1862.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wm. Swett will call upon subscribers in Oxford County.

Mr. James Sturgis will call upon our subscribers in Franklin County during the present month.

Why not Maine make the Guns?

It is known, we suppose, that we are to have built on our coast two or three powerful fortifications. One or two near Portland, for the defence of that city—one at the mouth of the Kennebec, and one or more for the defence of the Penobscot. This is all right. If we should be so unfortunate as to have a war with any of the European powers, the State of Maine being the first in their "wake," as a sailor would say, would also be the first to suffer, if there were no means of defending our most important cities and towns.

Well, when these fortifications are finished, they must be supplied with big guns—none of your common swivels or ten-pounders of other days. The expansive spirit of the times has expanded the calibre of our cannon and extended their range, in accordance with the progress in other matters of science and practical skill.

The question occurs to us why may not all those big guns and big mortars and big batteries be made in Maine, as well or better than any where else?

Why not dig the ore from our own deposits and after smelting it into pigs, convey it to a nearer location and have it manufactured into the guns and mortars and other implements of war, as needed? It could be done every whit as economically in Maine as any where else. It may be urged as an objection, that in other States where these arms have been and are still manufactured, they are all ready fitted up for such work. What then. They did not fit up without an assurance of indemnifying and profitable jobs. Give our mechanics in Bangor, Gardiner and Portland remunerating employment and they would soon fit up so as to make as big work and as good work and as nice work as is made any where else in the world.

We have iron ore enough at the Ktahdin iron works, and there is a foundry lying idle for want of some encouragement whereby its works will be remunerating.

We have iron ore enough still farther East, and it would be not a very long job to establish a foundry on it, provided assurances were given by Government that it should have a portion of the profitable jobs that it is now ever and anon giving out.

We hope the people of Maine will think of these things and ask why some of our iron may not be used for our own defence, and why some of our mechanics may not have the work to be expended in the defence of our own shores?

U. S. Agricultural Bureau. After a long course of years, say from the Presidency of Washington to the present time, in which the friends of agriculture have been importuning Congress to establish an agricultural department, they have granted the request.

Agreeably to the recommendation of President Lincoln, an independent Bureau of Agriculture has been voted. The head or chief, or secretary of it, or whatever his title may be, is to receive a salary of three thousand dollars per annum.

We have not seen the law making and endowing the Bureau, and cannot therefore speak of its provisions. We hope however, that it will be put into the charge of some whole-souled, far-seeing, experienced agriculturist, and that it will be conducted on the broad principle of encouraging and improving practical agriculture in all its departments as well as in its phases incidental to latitude and location throughout the whole length and breadth of the United States. Among the many triumphs of the day we look upon this as among the best, considering the little it cost and the great good it is bound to bring about.

The President's Emancipation Resolution.—The resolution proposing the purchase of the slaves in the Border States, sent by President Lincoln to Congress, accompanied by an argument in favor of its adoption, was considered in the House of Representatives on Monday last, under a suspension of the rules, and after some discussion was adopted by a vote of 88 to 31. Six Southern members only voted for the resolution, as follows: Messrs. Clements, Blair, Brown, Sparks and Whally, of Virginia, and Fisher of Delaware.—Twenty-one Northern members voted against it. Sixteen Southern members did not vote upon the question—some of them being absent.

To use Mr. Lincoln's expression, this will probably be "the end" of the matter. We have no idea that any of the slave States will ever voluntarily act upon the President's suggestion to free their slaves, even upon the proffer of compensation from the national treasury, nor do we believe that the people of the free States will submit to be taxed any more heavily than they now are, on account of the "peculiar institution." If any of the States, which now suffer under the blight of slavery, desire to rid themselves of the incubus, let them do it of their own voluntary, unpurchased choice, unless indeed they prefer to take their chance of seeing it done for them more effectually and speedily, by an instrumentality which they have themselves invoked and appealed to—that of the sword.

Another Blockade. We have been visited with another blocking snow-storm. The storm commenced early on Saturday morning last, with the wind blowing violently from the northeast, and continued with little intermission until Monday forenoon, when it ceased for a few hours, but in the afternoon it began snowing again almost as violently as before, and continued until late in the evening. An immense body of snow has fallen, probably greater than at any previous storm of the season. The roads are completely blocked up. Only one train has come in over the railroad since Friday last—the passenger train from Portland, due at four o'clock on Saturday P. M., but which did not arrive here until Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, being nineteen hours on the road. No train has left here since Saturday, although the engines and snow-plows have been at work at both ends of the road, to break their way through the mountainous drifts which cover the track. The probability is, however, that railroad communication will be opened with the rest of mankind sometime during the day.

The World's Fair. We see it stated that the British steamship Stella, left New York on Tuesday, 11th inst, with the chief part of the American contributions to the World's Fair. There were about 300 parcels, weighing in the aggregate nearly 150 tons, and comprising a great variety of our most ingenious and useful inventions We do not learn what portion of these contributions were sent from Maine.

☞ The Messengers of both branches of the Legislature are faithful and efficient men, and by their urbanity and courtesy have won universal respect among the members. Mr. Increase Blake of the Senate, has served in his present position three years, and Mr. E. P. Parcher of the House four years. They have grown grey in service; we hope they may grow greyer still.

Tobacco Culture. We have received from Hon. L. M. Morrill, some packages of fine Cuba tobacco seed, which we shall take pleasure in distributing among our friends and subscribers who may wish to make experiments in its cultivation.

Naval Enlistments. For some time past great difficulty has been experienced in obtaining volunteers for the naval service of the country. The preference has been given, even among our seafaring men, to the army, in consequence of the prevailing impression that the pay of the seaman is much less than that of the soldier. The result has been that many of our ships of war and gunboats have been compelled frequently to remain in port for the lack of crews. The movement of the several naval expeditions fitted out against the Southern coast have been delayed and their efficiency greatly impaired from this cause. It is well known that in the recent naval engagement in Hampton Roads, so disastrous and disgraceful to us, nearly all our vessels were destitute of their proper complement of seamen, and the two frigates destroyed by the enemy, the Cumberland and the Congress, were manned almost exclusively by soldiers drafted from the land forces stationed at Fortress Monroe. There is no good reason for this prejudice against the naval service. The Secretary of the Navy issued an order last December, from which we copy the following provisions:

"Seamen, ordinary seamen and landsmen, who can pass the usual surgeon's examination, by presenting themselves at the rendezvous nearest their residence, with an official certificate from the city or town clerk signifying that they are residents and have expressed a desire to leave to enter the navy, will be received on the following terms:

1st. An allowance of three cents a mile for traveling expenses.

2d. An advance of three months to seamen and ordinary seamen, and of two months to landsmen.

3d. Permission to leave an allotment of half-pay to their families, to commence the date of their enlistment.

4th. To go on board ship in their ordinary clothing, where an outfit will be furnished and charged as per list, being the present prices, viz:

One pea jacket,	$11 00
One pair blue cloth trowsers,	3 33
One blue flannel overshirt,	1 60
Two under flannel shirts,	2 32
Two pairs woolen drawers,	2 16
One mattress,	4 90
Two blankets,	3 90
One seamless cap,	1 00
One black silk handkerchief,	1 00
	$30 27

The pay of petty officers averages $20 to $25 per month.

do seamen,	18 do
do ordinary seamen,	14 do
do landsmen,	12 do

and food found.

No landsmen will be allowed to take the benfit of this regulation who has not been four months at sea or on the lakes or rivers."

It will be seen that the seamen upon enlisting, will have paid him three months advance wages, amounting to fifty-four dollars, the whole of which he can immediately send to his family if he chooses, for he is allowed to go on board ship in his ordinary clothes, where his outfit will be furnished him at the price noted in the order. He is not required to work out all this advance before his family can receive half pay, but is allowed to make an allotment to commence immediately upon enlistment.

To offset the bounty of $100 promised the soldier at the close of the war, and from which seamen are excluded, it will be borne in mind that the latter are entitled to their share of prize money derived from the enemy's vessels and property lawfully captured by them upon the high seas. Seamen share in the proceeds of every vessel taken and condemned, for attempting to run in or out of a blockaded port, or captured at sea, with goods contraband of war on board. A large number of vessels with valuable cargoes have been thus captured, and the proceeds divided among the men, sometimes to the amount of $500 each for a single vessel. This is better than the prospective bounty to the soldier of $100 at the end of the war, as "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." A correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, gives the following case of a rich harvest of prize money—not a solitary instance by any means. He says:

"The steamship Supply, not long since captured a vessel with among other things, ten thousand Enfield rifles on board, which have been sold at the appraisal—twenty dollars apiece—making the aggregate two hundred thousand dollars. Of this amount one-half goes to the United States, leaving one hundred thousand dollars to be divided among the officers and crew. The seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, &c., get seven-twentieths, or thirty-five thousand dollars, and as they number but seventy-two, the share of each one is within a small fraction of five hundred dollars. Add the vessel and the remainder of the cargo, and each seaman must receive over five hundred dollars as his share of prize-money."

Maine's Contribution to the War. Adjutant General Hodsdon, has furnished the following statement of the whole number of men furnished by this State, for the military and naval service of the United States, to aid in suppressing the rebellion, to March 1, 1862:

Agg'te furnished 1st Regiment,	779
" 2d do	1081
" 3d do	1075
" 4th do	1209
" 5th do	1171
" 6th do	1027
" 7th do	992
" 8th do	820
" 9th do	997
" 10th do	1054
" 11th do	948
" 12th do	927
" 13th do	996
" 14th do	1011
" 15th do	1009
" 1st Co. Sharp Shooters,	99
" 1st Reg't Cav. Mo. Vols.,	1170
" 1st Battal'n Mounted Artillery,	154
" 2d do	160
" 3d do	160
" 4th do	156
" 5th do	156
" 6th do	156
" Coast Guard	255
Estimated enlistments in volunteer organizations in other States,	1086
Estimated enlistments in U. S. Regular Army,	325
do " Navy,	2865
Total aggregate,	21,829

Tax on Newspapers. By the provisions of the new tax act now before Congress, newspaper publishers are subjected to a heavier burden than almost any other business interest in the country. They will be required to pay a tax of five per cent. on all advertisements inserted in their columns, and three mills per pound on the paper they use, and a stamp tax on every telegraphic message received by them. The operation of this tax will be to break down the smaller newspaper establishments in the country and transfer to and consolidate in the hands of wealthy mammoth establishments the entire newspaper business of the country. The newspaper publishing interest is willing of course to bear its fair proportion of the burden of supporting the government and prosecuting the war, but there is no justice and very little sense in exacting from it so onerous a contribution as to break down the business, and thus practically defeat the very object of the Government in levying the tax. It is evidently an ill-considered measure, and we can but hope that the bill will be subjected to some wholesome amendment in its passage through Congress.

Brownlow's Farewell Address. We have received from the publisher, T. W. Hartley, Philadelphia, a copy of Parson Brownlow's Farewell Address in View of his Imprisonment by the Rebels, handsomely printed upon tinted paper, with a finely engraved likeness of this martyr to the Union. Parson Brownlow, is a name which has excited admiration and sympathy among loyal people for the sturdy heroism with which he resisted the machinations of Southern traitors to drag Tennessee into the Confederacy, and when such resistance no longer availed, for the undaunted spirit displayed by him in vindicating his attachment to the Union, while surrounded by enemies and threatened with imprisonment, torture and death. Such a man will be honored and revered wherever invincible loyalty and unfaltering courage are regarded. Price ten cents per copy—to be obtain by mail of the publisher.

Adjourned Meeting of the City Council.

Augusta, March 15, 1862.

Present the Mayor, Aldermen Atkins, Patterterson, Fuller, Perceival, Fogg and Pettingill, and a quorum in the Common Council.

The Annual Reports of the City Marshal, Overseers of the Poor, Treasurer, Committee on Finance, Superintending School Committee, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department and Street Commissioners, were severally accepted and referred to the next City Council.

In Board of Aldermen the following vote was unanimously adopted:

Voted, That the thanks of this Board be tendered to his Honor, S. Caldwell, Jr., for his prompt and faithful attendance to his duties the past year as Mayor of this City, and for the gentlemanly manner with which he has presided over the deliberations of this Board, as President thereof during the year.

Adjourned.

Legislative Doings. The proceedings of the past week in the Legislature have been characterized by a little more attention to business and less talk than any previous period of the session.—This is the usual indication of approaching adjournment.

A bill to regulate the sale of alcoholic drinks, and to establish a State Agency for the purpose of supplying towns with pure liquors, has passed both branches.

A bill imposing a tax on dogs passed the Senate, but was indefinitely postponed in the House. The Senate subsequently receded and concurred.

In the Senate, the bill amendatory to the Revised Statutes, re-organizing the County Agricultural Societies was passed to be engrossed.

Bill granting the Kennebec and Portland Railroad Company power to re-locate their track to enter Portland on a radius of 1000 feet, was passed in both branches. This will give the Company a direct connection with the P. S. & P. road, obviating the delay of running the cars to the York & Cumberland depot, and thence round Cape Elizabeth to the Junction with the former road.

A new Militia Bill has passed the two Houses. We will give a synopsis of its provisions in a future number.

The bill to repeal the ninth section of the act to consolidate the Androscoggin & Kennebec and Penobscot & Kennebec Railroads, was passed by large majorities in both branches.

The confiscation resolves, which have given birth to innumerable long and tiresome speeches, passed the House on Thursday by a vote of 104 to 26.

The bill in aid of the families of volunteers passed the Senate on Friday, having been previously amended in the House, by striking out the provision reimbursing towns which had already made expenditures for the purpose.

On Saturday a bill for the taxation of owners of bank and corporate stock not resident in the State passed the House.

The Scientific Survey has been effectually crippled by an amendment in the House, offered by Mr. Cary of Houlton, reducing the appropriation from $4000 to $2500.

In the House on Friday a bill was introduced by Mr. Barrows of Fryeburg, providing for holding the session of the Legislature of 1863 in Portland. On Monday the question came up, and the bill received its quietus by a vote of 65 to 49.

The two Houses have voted in concurrence to adjourn finally on Wednesday of the present week.

Destructive Fire in Manchester. On Thursday evening last 13th inst., about 9 o'clock, the extensive Oil Cloth manufacturing establishment of Alden Sampson & Sons, in Manchester, about four miles from this city was destroyed by fire, including a large amount of valuable machinery, stock and manufactured goods. Two of the principal factory buildings were totally consumed, and a third, used for storing oil cloths was badly damaged. Other buildings on the premises were more or less injured. By strenuous exertions on the part of the workmen and neighboring citizens, goods to the amount of $25,000 were removed with very little damage, and the fire prevented from communicating with contiguous buildings. Providentially there was no wind stirring at the time or a still more devastating conflagration would have ensued. The light of the fire was seen at a great distance, and people from all the adjoining towns went in great numbers to the assistance of their unfortunate neighbors. An engine was dispatched from this city, to their relief and with great labor was dragged by the firemen about half the distance over an almost impassable road, when they were met by messengers who informed them that the fire had done its worst, and no further immediate danger was apprehended. They accordingly turned back with their machine. The fire was caused we understand by an inexperienced employee of the establishment, who, having the curiosity to examine with a lantern a can of carbon spirits—one of the most inflammable of substances—carelessly broke his lantern and communicated the flame to the contents. He escaped with a slight singeing for his pains. The damage by the fire is estimated at $45,000—insured, mostly in Boston offices, for $25,000.

Movement of Troops. On Friday last, the 4th Maine battery of artillery, Capt. O'Neil Robinson, left this city in the morning train to join the 2d and 5th batteries in Portland. They are stationed for the present at Fort Preble.

On the same day, four squadrons of the Maine Cavalry, consisting of Co. A, Capt. Whitney, Co. D, Capt. Smith, Co. E, Capt. Putnam, and Co. F, Capt. Mayhew, accompanied by Col. Allen and his staff, took their departure in a train consisting of fifty-seven cars. Their destination is supposed to be somewhere on the Potomac.

As the train was passing over the road between Gardiner and Richmond, one of the cars containing eight men and their horses broke down from some defect in the wheels, and was thrown off the track, and turned over upon its side, and another car left standing at the side of the road at an angle of forty-five degrees. The horses and men were released without injury—the remaining cars proceeding on their way. We understand that the train arrived safely in Boston the next morning.

A Pretty Riddle. A gentleman who was paying his addresses to a lady at length summoned courage to ask if his suit was agreeable to her, and whether he might flatter himself with a chance of its ultimate success. The lady replied "*Stripes*;" telling the gentleman to transpose the letters of the word so as to form out of them her answer. The reader who finds the secret need never fear of being nonplussed by a lady; those who cannot discover the puzzle must either wait until they can overcome the difficulty, or give up all thoughts of successful wooing.—*Boston Jour.*

Perhaps some of our bachelor readers who have nothing else to do, will venture upon the ingenious undertaking of solving the above riddle, and persist in the attempt until it is accomplished.

Lecture at Meonian Hall. Chas. F. Browne, Esq., the original and only genuine "Artemus Ward," will deliver his famous lecture on the "Children in the Wood," on Wednesday evening of this week, at Meonian Hall. A pleasanter hour cannot be spent in any other way, and we hope to see a house full of people made happy by the droll conceits and shrewd sayings of the great showman.

Dr. Lighthill. This skillful operator in diseases of eye and ear and catarrh, has been obliged, on account of the pressure of professional business, to prolong his stay in this city longer than he at first intended. He has made arrangements to remain here until the first of May next, and we recommend all who are troubled with any of the above difficulties to give him an early call. See his advertisement.

Organization of the City Government.

The members elect of the two branches of the City Council assembled in their respective rooms at City Hall, on Monday, 17th inst., for organization. The Mayor elect, Sylvanus Caldwell, Jr., Esq., was qualified, by taking the usual oath of office.

Gardiner C. Vose, Esq. of Ward 1, was chosen President of the Common Council and Levi Page, Clerk.

In convention of the two branches, the Mayor then delivered the following address:

MAYOR S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the City Council:

The duties which we are called upon to assume in organizing the City Government to-day, are to some of us not wholly new, but to all of us sufficiently grave and responsible. Charged with administering the Municipal affairs concerning the public interests of eight thousand people, our field of official labor is at all times one of responsibility, but is more particularly so now than at any former period. Our country is engaged in a civil war of gigantic magnitude and its effects are felt to a greater or less extent in every village and hamlet. The contraction of business from its usual deep and broad channels is manifest all around us, and this fact urges upon us with more than ordinary emphasis the necessity of rigid economy in all our Municipal departments. With the termination of the rebellion and the return of peace "to all our borders" now so happily promised by the unbroken success of the loyal forces, we may certainly anticipate a rapid revival of business prosperity in our midst.

Immediately after the President's Proclamation calling for volunteers, in April last, and the passage of an act at the extra session of our State Legislature, authorizing cities and towns to raise money for the support of the needy families of those who should volunteer in the National service, I called the City Council together and laid the subject before them. The Council met the proposition with that commendable liberality which has always characterized this city, and at once authorized the Treasurer to borrow ten thousand dollars, to be placed at the disposal of a committee appointed to extend aid to those entitled to receive it. Having had personal knowledge of the doings of that committee, I can give some account of its transactions. In all, fifty families have been helped—twenty-nine are now receiving aid—all who apply and are in want, are promptly taken care of. By vote of the City Council the committee were instructed to supply those only who had a residence of five years in this city. They were led to this conclusion by having some families sent here from other towns whose pauper residence was in Augusta; those towns refusing to help only such as belonged to them. It did not seem right or just for Augusta to help all that happened to be here when they enlisted, and other towns act upon the rule of sending home all who had not such a residence—therefore this action of the Council. Of the sum appropriated the committee had disbursed to the first day of March, the sum of sixteen hundred ninety-one dollars twenty cents. The highest sum paid to any one family, is three dollars per week—lowest, one dollar—average, one dollar eighty-cents per family.

One of the first duties to which I respectfully invite your attention after the organization of the City Government is completed, is to raise a committee to continue the disbursement of this fund. The money for this purpose has been borrowed by the Treasurer as it was needed, upon terms specified in the order giving him authority to negotiate the loans, viz: six per cent per annum. I cannot but think you will feel it your duty to continue the good work begun by your predecessors. It would certainly, and I think justly, expose us to severe censure should we in any degree shorten the hand that has thus far been extended in aid of the families of our brave volunteers. The committee have used their best judgment in dispensing the funds, and to my personal knowledge, each one has been ready and willing to do right whenever the right could be ascertained. To say that the committee have in every instance done that which was most judicious, would perhaps be more than we had any right to expect from erring human nature. The powers conferred upon them were new and responsible. The field of duty was untried and onerous, developing many points not easily to be decided. I am persuaded however, that all the conclusions have been made with conscientious fidelity and with as sound a discretion as would be exercised by any other persons.

It is to be hoped that the speedy cessation of the war and the return of the soldiers to peaceful and happy homes, will remove the necessity for any long continued exercise of the powers of the committee.

The Treasurer's report will show to you in full detail the operations of his department. I am happy to say the taxes have been paid as promptly as in former years. The drafts on the treasury have, in some instances, been larger than under previous administrations. Our Police Department, for instance, has been in constant requisition, and of course somewhat more expensive. The City Marshal has been indefatigable in his efforts, and to him, in connection with his efficient police, must be attributed, in great part, the good order and quiet which we have enjoyed during the past year, under circumstances obviously calculated to create disturbance and trouble. An examination of the Marshal's report will show how large an amount of business has been necessarily done in this department, compared with former years. I take occasion to express my sense of obligation to that officer for the efficiency with which he has discharged his public duties, and for the courtesy that has at all times characterized his intercourse with other municipal officers.

I have nothing new to suggest with regard to the treatment of our "poor." The report of the Overseers will give you an account of their doings, which I doubt not will prove highly satisfactory. My observations in that department have led me to believe that the management of the farm is marked with prudence and economy, and that the treatment of those who are so unfortunate as to need our charities is in every respect kind and humane.

The management of the affairs of the "Free Bridge Company" has been economical, wisely looking to the interest of the city and the community. There has been paid during the year, three thousand and fifty dollars of the debt of the company, besides its current expenses and interest, or funded debt, as it has become due.

The schools of our city are in as flourishing a condition as at any previous period. For a number of years to come it is evident that our taxes must be larger than they have been in the past, and yet I should consider it unwise and even unjust to reduce our expenditures for the education of the young. I cannot, therefore, conscientiously recommend any diminution in the amount heretofore appropriated.

The reports of the Superintendents will fully exhibit to you the present management and condition of all our schools.

The reports of the Street Commissioners will show to you the doings in their respective departments. I cannot doubt that the money has been judiciously expended. The Commissioners are men of large experience in road matters, and were selected by the City Council because of their known fitness and ability. For the coming year I am not aware that our highways will require more than an ordinary amount of expenditure. State Street, especially that portion of it south of Winthrop Street and Water Street, may need some extra expense, and some culverts in the Eastern District may have to be rebuilt, all of which, however, will not involve a large outlay of money.

There has been purchased for the Fire Department, five hundred feet of new hose. Other than this the department remains as reported in my communication of last year. At that time I recommended having the "Dodge" located on Sand Hill, where it might be used to good purpose, when occasion required. Although the last City Council did not act upon the suggestion then made, I would again call the Council's attention to the matter. As this engine is now situated, it is utterly worthless to the city. A full synopsis of what has been done by the department, will be found in the report of the Chief Engineer.

An action was commenced the past year against the city for damage to land belonging to B. A. G. Fuller, Esq. and als, by turning the water from Chestnut and Spring Streets on the east end of said land. As this was the only feasible point to take the water coming from those streets and the city was denied the privilege of using it for that purpose, it was desirable an arrangement should be made whereby the city could obtain the right forever, to use it, without any question. Therefore negotiations were entered into and the purchase of house, land and claim for damage, was agreed upon, the city paying for the same the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars.

I would recommend the disposing of the house and land as soon as can be, without loss to the city, reserving the right to turn the water on the east end of the lot.

There have gone into the army from this city, about three hundred men, distributed among the various regiments now in the service. Our State has furnished more than its quota of the National Army, and our city has furnished fifty per cent. more of the enlistments than was its proportion, reckoned on the basis of population. This fact must certainly prove gratifying to the pride and patriotism of our citizens.

In closing this communication, I deem it proper to refer to a matter which my experience, during the past year, has forcibly impressed upon my mind. It is in reference to the attendance of members of the City Council at its regular meetings. I am aware that it is frequently a great inconvenience and to the neglect of your private business that you are called upon to give your time to the city—still a man accepting a position in the City Government, should do so with the understanding that there is public work to be done which must involve, to a certain extent, the sacrifice of private interest and convenience. I hope we may this year, each one determined to do his part, feeling that the responsibility is upon all alike.

S. CALDWELL, Jr.

Subsequently the following City Officers were chosen:

City Clerk—Melville Cunningham.

Treasurer and Collector—Thos. Little.

Assessors—J. W. Patterson, E. B. Thorn, Chas. Hamlen.

City Marshal—Wm. H. Libby.

Street Commissioners—John Fifield, 2d, Albert H. Field.

Overseers of the Poor—Thos. Fuller, Harvey Chisam, M. P. Faught.

Engineers of the Fire Department—Daniel H. Davis, Geo. S. Ballard, E. D. Norcross.

City Physician—J. W. Toward.

The City Council then adjourned to Monday next at 2 o'clock P. M. for the election of the remaining officers.

☞ Our thanks are due to Hon. John H. Rice, of the U. S. House of Representatives, for valuable public documents.

☞ Capt. Eben Hoyt, of this city, has been appointed Acting Master of the new gunboat Aroostook.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Dakotah.

Fort Randall, Dakotah Territory, February 16, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—Yesterday's mail brought me a copy of your paper, sent by a dear friend in my native town. Years ago, when a boy among the beautiful lakes and hills of my New England home, I used to hail with joy the weekly visits of the *Farmer*, and the sight of its familiar face once more seems like a visit from an old friend; and thinking that perhaps a few lines from a "Maine boy," who has wandered to this far off region might be interesting to some of your many readers, I concluded to write a few lines for your excellent paper.

The breaking out of the present war found me a citizen of Iowa, and a student of the State University in Iowa City. Enlisting in my country's service, I became a member of Co. B, 13th Iowa Volunteers, which with Companies A and C of the same regiment, was ordered to garrison this post. We started from Iowa City on the 1st of November, 1861, arrived here on the 6th of December, having in a little over a month marched nearly 600 miles; and owing to the inclemency of the season, and our having a commander who neither cared for the interests or comfort of his men, we suffered many hardships while on the march. But on arriving here we found comfortable quarters, and everything to our liking. We found about eighty regulars here who left for the South the next day after our arrival.

We have plenty to eat, and of good quality, except the pork which is marked B. C., 725, and probably represents the date on which it was packed. It has been killed so long that its day of resurrection has arrived, and it is really coming to life. We shall have to butcher it again or else establish an extra guard around the Commissary department to keep it from running away.

But I must give you a short description of this wild country, and its wilder inhabitants. Until we arrived at Sioux City, we passed through as beautiful a country as lies out of doors, but in some localities rather poorly timbered.

For the last one hundred and ten miles in Iowa, (from Council Bluffs to Sioux City,) we were on the Missouri bottom, which is bounded on one side by a range of high bluffs, and on the other by the Missouri river—its banks lined by cottonwood trees, and beyond, dimly seen through the smoky atmosphere, rise the picturesque hills of the Nebraska shore. This bottom is said to be the richest country in the world. It is from five to fifteen miles in width, almost totally devoid of timber, and covered with grass six or eight feet high, and so level that for a hundred miles we did not go up or down a single hill.

At Sioux City we left civilization behind us, (for until arriving there we found settlements every few miles,) and crossed the Sioux river into Dakotah, and such a country! rough, barren, rocky, and almost totally destitute of wood and water. Imagine the condition of a company of men camped on a bleak plain, mercury 12 degrees below zero, wind blowing a hurricane, and the snow flying thick enough to smother one, and you will excuse me for having a profound hatred for Dakotah.

We passed through two little towns, (cities,) Yankton and Vermillion. These places are each striving to become the capital of this Territory. At the latter place a paper is published called the *Dakotah Republican*.

It must be a long time before this country can be settled; for although there is some good land along the streams, there is very little wood, and that of the poorest kind, (elm and cottonwood,) and the water of both streams and wells is so strongly impregnated with minerals that it is not fit to drink. We draw all our water from the Missouri river.

There is some red cedar a few miles above here. There is a hot spring in the bank of the river opposite this place. The water boils up all over a space some two rods across, and in cold weather there is a dense cloud covering the spot, and in the coldest weather the river is open for a mile below, and fish are often found dead along the banks.

There are lots of Indians here; they are of the Sioux tribe, and are an athletic race, but are indolent and dirty in the extreme. It is said that they can muster 2500 warriors; so if they should become hostile we would be hardly a handful for them. Most of the Indians are off on a hunt now; they are killing a great number of buffalo only a few miles from here. Some of our boys were out last week and killed a few buffalo. They went seventy miles up the river, and they report the country very beautiful and game very plenty, but did not dare to hunt for fear of offending the Indians, who forbade them to do so. They saw vast herds of buffalo, deer, elk, and a great many gray wolves. But I have written so much that I fear you will get tired of reading.

Yours, Clark.

London Quarterly Review for January. Contents; Railway Control; Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight; Popular Education—The New Code; Iceland and the Change of Faith; The Revival of Spain; The late Prince Consort; Lord Castlereagh; The American Crisis—a very elaborate disquisition upon the rebellion, from the English point of view. Leonard Scott & Co., publishers 54 Gold street, New York. Terms $3 per annum; with Blackwood, $5; the four Reviews and Blackwood, $10. The premiums of the year affords a favorable time to subscribe for these works.

Edinburgh Retiew for January. Contents: Life and Writings of William Patterson, the founder of the Bank of England; Sewell's Ordeal of Free Labor; Max Muller on the Sciences of Language; Military Defences of the Colonies; Felix Mendelssohn's Letters; Wrecks, Life-Boats and Light-Houses; Burton's City of the Saints; May's Constitutional History of England, 1760, 1860; The Lady of La Garage; Belligerents and Neutrals—in which the Trent affair is fully treated. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, publishers. Terms $3 per annum.

Blackwood's Magazine for February contains the following articles: Caxtoniana; A series of Essays on Life, Situation and Manners; Wassail: A Christmas Story—concluded; Physicians and Quacks; Captain Clutterbuck's Champagne—A West Indian Reminiscence—concluded; Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel, Part I.; The Origin of Language—an excellent New Song; The Defence of Canada—in which the writer undertakes to demonstrate the impossibility of subjugating the British Provinces by the United States, in the event of a war with England. Republished by Leonard Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. Price $3 per annum.

The Knickerbocker for March. This magazine has resumed its purely literary and genial character, and well sustains its ancient reputation for ability, variety and originality. It merits the cordial and unstinted support which we are glad to learn is extended to it by the reading public. Published by J. R. Gilmore, 432 Broadway New York. Terms $3 per annum.

A Model Temperance Man. The editor of the Portland *Advertiser*, who professes to be a "temperance man," says he "never was an advocate of moderate drinking nor total abstinence." He has been in the habit of drinking "wine for more than twenty years," and "occasionally a very little pure native brandy," but has never felt any stimulating effect from their use. If the question will not be considered an impertinent one, we would like to ask Br. Case what he drinks these liquors for.

Town Officers.

Winthrop. J. B. Fillebrown, Moderator; Cyrus Bishop, Clerk; John May, Oakes Howard, George A. Longfellow, Selectmen; Eben Marrow, Supervisor of Schools.

Fayette. Moderator, N. B. Baxton; Clerk, A. G. Underwood; Selectmen, Noah Watson, I. W. C. Jones and N. B. Baxton; School Committee, G. Underwood; Town Agent, Noah Watson.

West Gardiner. Moderator, John Knox; Town Clerk, G. D. Wakefield; W. H. Merrill, O. S. Edwards, Wm. Morse, Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor; Town Treasurer, Samuel Atkinson; Collector and Constable Jas. L. Spear; Supervisor of Schools, M. W. Farr; Committee on Accounts, John Knox, T. Spear, Edward Peacock.

Windham. Moderator, John Webb; Town Clerk, H. C. Freeman; Selectman and Assessors, Sam'l Freeman, A. H. Purinton, Chas. Hunnewill; Treasurer, Enoch White; Town Agent, John Webb; Collector, N. L. Varney; S. S. Committee, Dr. J. A. Parsons, A. J. Morrill.

Mt. Vernon. Moderator, D. H. Thing; Clerk, Moses S. Mayhew; Selectmen, Albion Stevens, Alonzo Brown, Aaron S. Safford; Treasurer, Alfred Weston; Collector and Constable, James F. Blunt; S. S. Committee, M. R. Leighton.

Brownville. Moderator, Samuel Gilman; Town Clerk, Moses W. Brown; Selectmen, E. A. Jenks, F. W. Brown, Samuel Gilman; Treasurer, Francis W. Brown; Collector, E. R. Hamblet; Constable, Jacob Works; S. S. Committee, Samuel A. Smith.

Pictures of the Old Dominion. Rev. Henry C. Leonard, the Chaplain of the Third Maine, now stationed in Virginia, accompanied his regiment not long since on outpost duty some ten miles from camp in the direction of the Occoquan river, and in one of his genial and interesting letters to the *Banner* incidently gives the following graphic pictures of life in the Old Dominion:

"Wishing to extend my observations, I crossed the Accotink stream with companies G and D, and climbed the ascent to Mrs. Chichester's. Here we joined Company H and made ourselves at home in all parts of the house. This dwelling itself, like very many mansions in Virginia, is a pretentious, yet cheap affair. At a distance, the white walls and long piazzas, strike the eye as belonging to an edifice substantial, imposing, and elegant. On close inspection, we find that the building is merely clapboarded without, and lathed and plastered within, and that whitewash is a substitute for paint. The barns, and the huts for the slaves, are small and chiefly built of logs. The cattle roam in the pastures throughout the year. Water is brought a long distance to the house from a spring. Hay, wheat, and corn, stand through all weathers in stacks. The best features of a Virginia plantation are presented in natural rather than artificial objects, in the broad area of hill and valley, wood and field, in the giant oaks growing around the mansion and the out buildings, in the vines that climb the tall trees from the wet soil near the spring, and in the stream that winds about the meadow, revealing specks of its sparkling surface through the interstices of the alders, vines and brambles, covering its banks. With people aping the baronial life of England, one looks for abodes erected to stand for generations. None such appear. On estates of two thousand acres, the homes are crumbling shells, representing with singular and affecting force to the eye of the most generous and magnanimous stranger from the North the pretence and the feebleness of Southern nobility.

Mrs. Chichester, the owner and last occupant of the house which now answers our pickets so good a purpose, is a widow of advanced years. At the breaking out of the war she reluctantly left her large estate, only yielding to the earnest persuasions of her daughters and sons-in-law, living farther South. Long, long ago, she and her aristocratic husband, Doddridge Pitt Chichester, were neighbors to the Washingtons. Some of their descendents bear with their own the blood of the Masons. Uncle Jerry, a slave, ninety-four years old, one of the few negroes remaining on the plantation, for thirty years his master's body servant, and for many years after, the overseer of the same master's field hands, remembers distinctly when his master and mistress were young, when they were married, and tells in excellent language, with a voice of fine modulations, their history and that of their family. There were high times when Uncle Jerry was young. The gentry gathered at the Chichester's with horses and hounds, followed the chase all day, played cards and drank liquors all night, and then pursued the fox and deer another day, and gambled and revelled another night, and so continued the hunt and corousal till sated and tired out."

The Cumberland and Merrimac. Probably the most heroic naval fight of the present war, was that between the frigate Cumberland, and the iron-clad rebel monster the Merrimac. The following interesting description of the engagement is given by Mr. Smith, the pilot of the Cumberland:

"When the Merrimac arrived within about a mile, we opened on her with our pivot guns, and as soon as we could bear upon her, our whole broadside commenced. Still she came on, the balls bouncing from her mailed sides like India rubber, apparently making not the least impression, except to cut off her flag staff, and thus to bring down the Confederate colors. None of her crew ventured at that time on deck to replace them, and she fought thenceforward with only her pennant flying. She appeared to obey her helm and be very readily handled, making all her movements and evolutions with apparent facility. We had probably fired six or eight broadsides, when a shot was received from one of her guns which killed five of our marines. It was impossible for our vessel to get out of the way, and the Merrimac soon crashed her iron horn or ram into the Cumberland, just starboard the main chains, under the bluff of the port bow, knocking a hole in her side near the water line, as large as the head of a hogshead, and driving the vessel back upon her anchors with great force. The water came rushing into the hold. The Merrimac then backed out and discharged her guns at us, the shot passing through the main bay and killing five sick men. The water was all the while rushing into the hole made in the bow, so that in five minutes it was up to the sick bay on the berth deck. In the meantime her broadsides swept the men away, killed and maimed, and also set our vessel on fire in the forward part. The fire was extinguished. I cannot tell how many were wounded. The sick bay, berth deck and gun deck, were literally covered with men killed and wounded, but the surviving ones still fought well, and every one, officers and men, displayed the utmost heroism. The fighting lasted three-fourths of an hour, the Cumberland firing rapidly, and all the time the water pouring in the hold, and by and by the ports, as her bow kept sinking deeper and deeper. Near the middle of the fight, when the berth deck of the Cumberland had sunk below water, one of the crew of the Merrimac came out of a port to the outside of her iron plating, and a ball from one of our guns instantly cut him in two. That was the last and only rebel that ventured within sight, the rest remaining in their safe iron walled enclosure.

We fired constantly

better cause. The total rebel loss is said to be nine killed and twelve wounded. Twenty-three prisoners arrived at Norfolk on Saturday night from the Congress, and one died on the passage.

The Retreat of the Rebels from Manassas.

NEW YORK, March 12. The *Herald's* Washington despatch says that Gen. McClellan has taken up his headquarters at Fairfax Court House.

Before dark last night, Col. Averill, with a large body of cavalry, entered the rebel works at Manassas Junction, and bivouacked for the night amidst the ruins of the rebel stronghold.

Opinion is gaining ground that Gordonsville was simply a rendezvous for the late rebel army of the Potomac, as it is the junction of the Orange and Alexandria with the Virginia Central Railroad.

The only point at which they can with any sort of confidence attempt to make a stand, is near the junction of the Frederick and Potomac with the Central Virginia Railroad, in which neighborhood the North Anna and South Anna rivers unite and form the Pamankey river, about 20 miles north of Richmond. At this point the country is much broken and admirably fitted for defense.

Everything at Manassas indicates a precipitate fight of the rebels. All the log huts are standing and an immense number of canvass tents. Some caissons were found, but no guns. Piles of bullets and cartridges were left in the tents, and immense quantities of Quartermaster's stores.

In one were discovered about 30,000 bushels of corn which had been set fire to and was still smoldering. The troops found abundant rebel trophies—pack saddles, army orders, muskets, revolvers, bowie knives, letters, &c. Over one thousand pack saddles were found, all new, and marked C. S. A. The people in the vicinity state that prior to the evacuation there were 100,000 rebel troops at Manassas and Centerville.

Log tents, ample to accommodate 30,000 troops, remain. Heaps of dead horses cover the fields in the vicinity. Log huts are strewn all along between Centerville and Manassas. The railroad track is undisturbed, except the bridges. The stone bridge across Bull Run on the Warrenton turnpike, is blown up as also the bridge across Cog Run, between Centerville and Manassas.

Appointment of Gen. Fremont to a Command.

WASHINGTON, March 11. The President has issued a War Order to the effect that the country west of the Department of the Potomac and east of the Department of the Mississippi, be a military department to be called a Mountain Department, and that the same be commanded by Major General Fremont.

Interesting from the South.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 12. A flag of truce was sent down from Craney Island to-day.

We find the following in the Southern papers:

On Tuesday a vote of thanks was passed to Capt. Buchanan, his officers and crew, for their gallantry in the late action in Hampton Roads.

Jeff. Davis sent a message to Congress yesterday, stating that he had suspended Generals Pillow and Floyd from their commands until they could give more satisfactory accounts of their action at Fort Donelson. Davis is dissatisfied with their reports. The message states that neither of them say that re-inforcements were asked for, nor do they show that the position could not have been evacuated, and a whole army saved, as well as a part of it. It is also not shown by what authority two senior Generals abandoned their responsibility, by transferring the command to a junior officer.

The Richmond *Examiner* of yesterday says that considerable uneasiness is manifested by the public on account of the reports of the rebel forces falling back from Manassas and the Upper Potomac. Positive assurance is given that these movements have not been made on account of the enemy, but are purely strategic.

It is reported that the nomination of Gen. Lee as the Commanding General of the rebel army was sent to the Senate on Monday.

The Naval Battle at Hampton Roads---Official Reports.

WASHINGTON, March 12. The official report of Lieut. Pendergast, of the Congress, addressed to Commander Marston, has been forwarded to the Navy Department. The report says:

"At ten minutes past two, the Merrimac opened with her bow gun, with grape, passing us on the starboard side at a distance of about 300 yards, receiving our broadside and giving one in return. After passing the Congress she ran into and sunk the Cumberland. The smaller vessels then attacked us, killing and wounding many of our crew. Seeing the fate of the Cumberland, we set the jib and topsail, and with the assistance of the tugboat Zouave ran the vessel ashore. At half-past two the Merrimac took a position astern of us, about 150 yards, and raked us fore and aft with shells, while one of the smaller steamers kept up a fire on our starboard quarter.

In the meantime the Patrick Henry and the Thomas Jefferson, rebel steamers, approached from up the James river, firing with precision and doing us great damage. Our two stern guns were our only means of defense. These were soon disabled, one being dismounted and the other having its muzzle knocked away. The men were knocked away from them with great rapidity and slaughter by the terrible fire of the enemy.

Seeing that our men were being killed without the prospect of any relief from the Minnesota, which vessel had run ashore, not being able to get a single gun to bear upon the enemy, and the ship being on fire in several places, on consultation with Commander Wm. Smith, we deemed it proper to haul down our colors without any further loss of life on our part. We were soon boarded by an officer of the Merrimac, who said he would take charge of the ship. He left shortly afterward, and a small tug came alongside, whose captain demanded that we should surrender and get out of the ship, as he intended to burn her immediately. A sharp fire with muskets and artillery was maintained from our troops ashore, having the effect of driving her off. The Merrimac again opened fire, although we had a flag to show that we were out of action. After having fired severals shells into us she left us, and engaged the Minnesota and the shore batteries, after which Lieut. Pendergast states, the wounded were taken ashore in small boats, the ship having been on fire from the beginning of the action."

Twenty-nine men were wounded, and 94 killed in the action.

Twenty thousand dollars in gold and Treasury notes were destroyed by the burning, together with all the stores.

The following is an extract from the report of Commander Purviance of the U. S. frigate St. Lawrence:

"The Merrimac directed her attention to firing several projectiles of formidable dimensions, one of which, an 8-pound shell, penetrated the starboard quarter about four inches above the water line, passed through the pantry of the ward room and into the state room of the Assistant Surgeon on the port side, completely demolishing the bulkhead, and then struck against a strong iron bar, which secured the bull's eye of the port, and returned into the ward room expended. Fortunately it did not explode and no one was injured."

Rebel Official Report.

NEW YORK, March 12. The *Tribune's* Fortress Monroe despatch states that the official report of the naval engagement sent to Richmond says that on the Merrimac two men were killed and eight wounded, the muzzles of two guns were knocked off, brow twisted, armor damaged, the anchor and flag-staff shot away, and the smoke stack and steam pipe riddled. Captain Buchanan was seriously wounded in the thigh. Capt. Sagor has since died from his wounds. Trustworthy information to-day states that the prow was shot away.

Winchester in Possession of Federal Troops.

WINCHESTER, March 12. This celebrated town is at length recovered for the Union. The movement of our forces to Perryville and a reconnoissence to this vicinity completely succeeded in driving the enemy and misleading them so that they did not know where to expect an attack. The consequence was that yesterday afternoon they commenced evacuating the place. Gen. Hamilton in the meanwhile advanced from Bunker Hill, the Michigan cavalry leading the way. 1200 of the enemy's cavalry gave battle, supported by a section of artillery.

This was about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. A battalion of the 1st Maryland Regiment reinforced our cavalry, and one of our sections of artillery came up and replied to the enemy's guns. The fight was soon over. The enemy fled, leaving their guns two in number, several horses, and about thirty men killed and wounded. The shells thrown by our artillery were very destructive.

Our whole loss is four killed and fifteen wounded, all of the 1st Indiana regiment. Skirmishing continued all last night, the result being a few men wounded on both sides, but none killed on ours. At daybreak to-day one column was again in motion and advanced upon the town in time to see the rear guard of the rebels retire forever. A large amount of stores, ammunition, provisions and many horses have fallen into our hands. The Union flag flies triumphantly over Winchester. The reception of our troops by the people was enthusiastic. Gen. Gorman has come in and he and Gen. Hamilton are exchanging mutual congratulations.

Owing to the state of affairs at Manassas it is believed that Jackson will make his way up the Shenandoah Valley to the Virginia Central Railroad, and from thence to Richmond.

Another Victory in Tennessee.

WASHINGTON, March 13. Gen. Halleck has telegraphed the following:

ST. LOUIS, March 13.

Hon. E. M. Stanton: Our artillery and cavalry yesterday attacked the enemy's works one half mile west of Paris, Tenn. The enemy was driven out with a loss of 100 killed, wounded and prisoners. Our loss is Capt. Bull of the artillery, and four men killed and four wounded.

A cavalry force sent out from Lebanon, Mo., attacked one of Price's guerilla parties, killing thirteen, wounding five, and capturing over twenty prisoners, among whom was Brig. General Campbell, the commander.

The Battle of Pea Ridge---Additional Particulars.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., March 11. A special despatch to the *Republican* says a messenger arrived at 10 o'clock last night, bringing additional intelligence of the battle. The engagement took place on little Sugar Creek, where a skirmish took place on their march down. In anticipation of an attack on the south side, but unexpectedly the attack was commenced on their rear, north of our army, by 1500 to 2000 cavalry. Gen. Sigel with 800 men protected the train for several hours, alternately retreating and stopping to hold the rebels in check while the train pushed backwards to the main body of the army.

While thus engaged Gen. Sigel was three times surrounded, but he cut his way through each time. The principal fighting on Thursday was done by Gen. Sigel. In this way on Friday the engagement became general, and continued so throughout—the officers behaving with much gallantry. The most exposed position was occupied by Col. Carey's division, and the greatest loss was suffered by them.

Among the wounded are Gen. Asboth in the arm; Lieut. Cols. Gillingan and Henon, and Maj. Coyle of the 9th Iowa. Beside being wounded, Col. Henon was taken prisoner. Col. Dodge had three horses shot under him. Lieut. Smith of the 2d Ohio Battery, who was taken prisoner, jumped from a wagon to make his escape and was killed.

The rebel officers killed and wounded are Brig. Gen. McCulloch, killed; Brig. Gen. Stack, dangerously wounded; Col. McIntosh, killed; Col. B. H. Rives, 2d regiment of volunteers, dangerously wounded; Col. Herbert, of the 23d Louisinia, killed or dangerously injured; Major General Sterling Price, slightly wounded.

Thirteen pieces of artillery were captured by our men. Among them is one lost by Gen. Sigel at Wilson Creek. Our loss is regarded as 800 or 1000 killed and wounded. The rebel loss is not known, but it is supposed to be 2000 to 3000. A large number of rebel prisoners were taken; probably 1500 were brought in. Two thousand Indians were engaged in the battle. Eighteen of our killed were scalped by them. Gen. Price with about 1000 men retreated northward, and then took an easterly direction. Gen. Jeff. C. Davis is after him.

Desperate Fighting in New Mexico---Heroic Conduct of the Union Soldiers.

ST. LOUIS, March 13. The *Republican* has advices from Albuquerque, New Mexico, Feb. 23, which states that the Texans made various significant movements in the vicinity of Fort Craig on the 18th. They advanced a column of infantry, 1000 strong, in line of battle in front of the fort. They also moved a column of 800 cavalry west of our defenses. They advanced to within a mile and a half of the works, halted with the rebel flag floating in the breeze some time, and then commenced a retrograde movement.

When the enemy commenced retreating, and the infantry was separated from the cavalry, Col. Canby ordered Major Duncan to charge on the enemy's cavalry with a squadron of dragoons and mounted men, which they did in gallant style, the enemy retreating before them until they arrived at a deep ravine.

The Texan Infantry in the meantime advanced to the relief of the cavalry, and a skirmish took place at the Ravine. Major Duncan late in the evening was recalled, and the Texans continued to fall back.

Later. When the express closed on the morning of the 21st, the booming of cannon was heard at Valverde, announcing that the battle had begun.

Latest. A military express has just arrived from Fort Craig with news of serious conflicts between our forces and the Texans, which lasted from 9 o'clock on the morning of the 21st until sundown of the same day. The fight commenced in the morning, between a portion of our troops under Col. Roberts and the enemy across the Rio Grande, with varied success, until one or two o'clock of that day, the 21st. Colonel Canby then crossed the river in force, with a battery of of six pieces under Captain McGray of the cavalry, but detailed to the command of the battery. Colonel Canby also took with him a small battery of two howitzers. The enemy were supposed to have had eight field pieces. The battle was commenced by our artilery and skirmishers, and soon it became general. Toward evening the guns of the enemy were silenced. They, however, made a desperate charge on our howitzer battery, but were repulsed with great loss. Captain McGray's battery was defended by Captain Plimpton's company of U. S. Infantry and a portion of Colonel Pinas' regiment of New Mexicans. The Texans now charged desperately and furiously with picked men, about six hundred strong, on McGray's battery. They were armed with carbines, revolvers, and long seven-pound bowie knives. After discharging their carbines at close quarters, they drew their revolvers and reached the battery amid a storm of grape and canister. The New Mexicans of Col. Pinas' regiment became panic stricken and ingloriously fled. Captain Plimpton with the U. S. Infantry stood their ground, and fought nobly until more than one half were numbered with the dead. With his artillery cut down, and with his support reported killed, wounded or flying from the field, Captain McGray sat down calmly and quietly on one of his guns, and with revolver in hand, refusing to fly or desert his post, he fought to the last and gloriously died like a hero—the last man at his guns. The Texans suffered terribly in this desperate charge.

Many of our officers greatly distinguished themselves on this day. Major Donaldson, who was chief Aid-de-Camp to Colonel Canby, acted bravely, and was conspicuous in every part of the field. His horse was wounded in several places, but the Major was not injured. Kit Carson was in command of a regiment of volunteers, who deployed as skirmishers. His command did good service during the action and behaved well.

We have to lament the loss of Lieuts. Michler and Stone, who, like Capt. McGray, nobly and bravely maintained the honor of our flag to the last and died the death of patriots.

Many other of our officers are wounded. Our loss is about 200 killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy is believed to be much greater. The greatest confidence is reposed in Col. Canby, and if the volunteers will do their duty the Texans will be ignominiously driven from the country.

Capture of New Madrid by Gen. Pope.

WASHINGTON, March 14. President Lincoln has just received a message from Brig. General Strong, saying that New Madrid (Missouri) is ours!

CAIRO, Ill., March 14. The rebels evacuated New Madrid last night, leaving a quantity of guns and stores they were unable to carry away. Some fighting took place yesterday between their gunboats and our siege batteries, in which we lost twenty killed and wounded. A shot from one of our 24-pounders killing four or five men.

The loss of the enemy is not known, they carrying off their dead and wounded.

The force of the enemy is supposed to have numbered 6000.

Skirmishing near Winchester.

WINCHESTER, Va., March 14. This afternoon, while twenty-six of our cavalry were foraging on the Strasburg road, three miles distant, they came upon a large barn bearing marks of having recently been occupied by Ashby's men. While our teams were loading with hay, about two hundred of the latter came near and threw out two companies of skirmishers. Our men covered the departure of their team and prepared to resist an attack, which was finally commenced. At length six Wisconsin pickets came up with rifles and killed two of the enemy. One of our cavalry dashed upon the enemy and killed one of them with his pistol. The enemy made no effort at a charge, but gradually advanced as our men fell back to the town in good order and unharmed.

No movements of inportance have taken place to-day. Gen. Jackson was in person at Middletown this morning, five miles north of Strasburg. Ashby's cavalry still hangs on the rear of Ashby's retreat.

Steam Ram and Iron Clad Gunboats to be Built.

WASHINGTON, March 14. The bill introduced in the Senate to-day by Mr. Hale provides for the construction of an iron-clad steam vessel of not less than 5000 or 6000 tons burthen, of great speed and strength, to be used only as a ram, for which one million dollars are to be appropriated; also thirteen millions for iron-clad gunboats, $783,000 for completing Stevens' battery, and half a million for extending the facilities of the Washington Navy Yard, so as to forge and roll plates for the armored ships.

From Fortress Monroe.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 14.—Noon. All is quiet. The Merrimac is being repaired at Norfolk.

Evening. All quiet here. Two rebel tugs were seen off Sewall's Point this morning reconnoitering. No signs of the Merrimac.

Wells Poisoned by the Rebels.

WASHINGTON, March 14. Two men attached to a Wisconsin regiment in Gen. Smith's division were poisoned yesterday by drinking water from a well which had been poisoned by rebels. It is thought they cannot survive. Their names are Sergeant Cutts and private Williams. All the soldiers have been prohibited from drinking from old wells, and new ones are to be dug immediately.

McClellan at the Head of the Army.

The *Herald's* Washington dispatch says Gen. McClellan reviewed a division of the army in the vicinity of Manassas and as he rode along the lines he was greeted by most hearty cheers and the wildest enthusiasm. The spirit of the army is represented to be exceedingly fine. The men are full of anxiety to be led into immediate action.

Proclamation by Gen. McClellan to the Army on the Potomac.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, March 14.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC: For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back, that you might give the death blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown and your confidence in your General are worthy of a dozen victories. These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The Army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, and excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks, I see in your faces the sure prestige of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right. In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be, on the decisive battle field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch you as a parent over his children, and you know that your General loves you from the depths of his heart. It shall be my care—it ever has been—to gain success with the least possible bloodshed. But I know that if it is necessary you will follow me to your graves for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us. Victory attends us, but I would not have you think that your aim is to be obtained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you that you have brave foes to encounter, foemen well worthy of the steel that you will use well. I shall demand of you great and heroic exertion, rapid and long marches, desperate combats and privations perhaps. We will share all these together, and when the war is over we will all return to our homes and feel that we ask no more honor than the proud consciousness that we belong to the army of the Potomac.

(Signed) GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
General Commanding.

The Retreat of the Enemy.

NEW YORK, 16. The *Herald's* Washington dispatch, says a cavalry reconnoissance on Friday, made a thorough examination of the whole range of country from Manasas to Warrenton, and thence to the point where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses the Rappahannock, a distance of twenty-three miles from Manassas in a straight line. The distance passed over going and returning is nearly seventy-five miles. No rebels in arms were discovered. An immense quantity of property left by the rebels at Dumfries, has been secured, consisting of shot, shell, caissons, wagons, rice, tents, blankets, &c.

The *Times'* Whashington dispatch says that Gen. McClellan's proclamation excites the enthusiasm of the army.

Reliable information has been received through the sworn statement of four railroad men, employed by the rebels in the removal of their forces, that up to last Friday week, that the rebels had between 90,000 and 100,000 at and near Manassas, 25,000 between there and Acquia Creek, and 12,000 at Winchester, Leesburg, &c., all of whom could have been concentrated at Manassas, at a day's notice. The rebels were able to concentrate at brief notice fifty railroad cars.

They never talked of evacuating till after the fall of Fort Donelson, when they freely said they should have to retreat whenever McClellan advanced. They declared that the roads had been so horrible that they were obliged to convey provisions from Manassas to Acquia Creek on packed mules, and finally the men were moved nearer so as to be provisioned.

Twelve miles from Manassas, on the road to Manchester, were found 53 freight cars, loaded with commissary stores, valued at $20,000. A fire the enemy kindled failed to consume them.

Particulars of the Capture of New Madrid.

HICKMAN, Ky., 15. An expedition composed of the gunboats Benton, Louisville, Cincinnati, Corondolet and Conestoga, under Flag Officer Foote, left Cairo at 7 o'clock this morning. At Columbus they were joined by the steamers Pittsburg, St. Louis and Mound City, and were overtaken by eight mortar boats, in tow of four steamers, with transports and advance boats. They arrived at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The enemy's mounted pickets and a quantity of property of not less than $1,000,000 have fallen into our hands. The men only escaped. The enemy's whole force is demoralized and dispersed in a swamp on the opposite side of the river. The enemy abandoned their works so hurriedly as to leave all the baggage of the officers and knapsacks of the privates behind. Their dead were unburied. Their suppers were on their tables, and their candles were burning in their tents. A furious thunder storm, which raged all night, enabled them to get across the river without being discovered.

Our heavy batteries was established during the night of the 12th inst., within eight hundred yards of the enemy's mortars. We opend fire at daylight on the 13th inst., just 34 hours after the guns were delivered to us at Cairo. During the whole of yesterday our lines were drawn closer around the troops of the enemy under a furious fire of sixty pieces of artillery. The fear of an assault upon the works at daylight, induced them to flee precipitately during the night. Many persons have been taken, and the colors of several Arkansas regiments. Our loss is about 50 killed and wounded.

Hollins was in command of the rebel fleet, and General Gnatt of the land forces. The gunboats went down the river. Gen. Pope has 55 heavy guns, with the mortars of the enemy, which command every point of the river.

Operations on the Tennessee River.

ST. LOUIS. A Savannah Tennessee dispatch to the *Democrat*, says the expedition up the Tennessee river has nearly all arrived, and the fleet is now on the point of proceeding further up. The expedition is commanded by General C. F. Smith, with Gens. Sherman, McClernand, Hurlburt and Wallace as division commanders.

The force is large and fully able to conquer any army the rebels can bring against it.

General Grant is in command at Fort Henry. The enemy's force in this vicinity is estimated at from thirty to one hundred thousand.

Gen. Wallace and his division went to Purdy, McNair County, yesterday, and burned the bridge and took up the track on the road leading from Humbolt to Corinth. He cut off a train heavily laden with troops, which arrived while the bridge was burning.

LATER FROM THE FRIGATE VERMONT. A dispatch to Commodore Hudson states that the schooner J. W. Chapman arrived at New York Monday night, which vessel reports having laid by the United States frigate Vermont for five days, rendering such assistance as was in her power. She left the Vermont March 6, in latitude 38 45, longitude 68 08. The ship was then drifting S. S. E. half East, about two knots per hour, being still at the mercy of the winds and sea, and entirely helpless. Her rudder and sails were gone. She required the immediate assistance of steamers On receiving the above intelligence the steamer Saxon was ordered from Philadelphia to cruise in search of the frigate.

SNOWED UP. During one of the late snow storms, a house in the town of Mexico, Me., occupied by two families, was entirely covered by the snow. An attempt was made by the occupants the next morning, when they had discovered their condition, to knock off some boards from the gable end of the building; but this was unsuccessful. Their neighbors, however, had discovered that the house was submerged in the snow, and set to work to relieve the occupants. By tunnelling forty feet through the enormous bank, they succeeded in reaching the front door of the house, which was immediately opened, and the frightened occupants of the dwelling were released from their pecarious situation.

Foreign News.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer City of Washington from Liverpool 26th and Queenstown the 27th of February arrived at New York March 10th.

Gibraltar advices of the 18th ult. state that the pirate Sumter is still there. No signs of her departure.

The U. S. steamer Tuscarora was in Spanish waters off Algesiras.

A Madrid telegram of the 25th, says the captain of the Sumter had been arrested at Tangiers, at the instance of the American Consul at Gibraltar and the commander of the Tuscarora, who went to Tangiers for that purpose.

The Americans in London celebrated Washington's birth day with a public breakfast. Dr. McIlvain, Bishop of Ohio, presided. Minister Adams, Consul Morse, two Secretaries of Legation, C. W. Field, Dr. McGowan and others were present. Mr. Adams, in a patriotic speech to the memory of Washington, said it was well for Americans to think on his course at this time. The country was in the midst of a crisis long foreseen and feared, but by imitating Washington's great virtues they would conquer and subdue the malign power which has sought to rule and ruin.

The struggle is fearful, but there is no alternative. The assault upon the Government of the United States carries with it an aggressive principle which, if not defeated must in the end be fatal to freedom. It involves the acknowledgment of the prescriptive right of some men to rule over their fellows, and the Government must therefore fully re-establish its fundamental doctrine at every hazard. He concluded by again calling for that patience and perseverance shown by Washington as the sure road to success. The health of the Queen and President Lincoln were drank with enthusiasm. Dr. McGowan, in speaking to the latter, eulogized President Lincoln's administration, and expressed full confidence that he would prove equal to the task.

Parliamentary proceedings have been enlivened by a challenge from O'Donoghue to Sir Robert Peel for expressions made by the latter which the former considered personally offensive. The Palmerston government got scent of the affair, and warned Peel against making himself a party to such a breach of privilege, and brought the affair to the notice of the House. The O'Donoghue apologized to the House, but made some sarcastic remarks in relation to Peel.

The *Moniteur's* London letter says the session of the English Parliament will close about the first of June.

Madrid, Feb. 26. The *Correspondence* confirms officially that Spain insists upon a special Mexican Ambassador coming to Madrid to give satisfaction.

Toulon, Feb. 26. The French squadron in Cochin China continues to be victorious. Flying columns are pursuing the remainder of the Cochin China army. They had captured the encampment of the Royal Guard, who had fled. The French found the remains of 250 Christian persons, who were burnt in prison.

ONE DAY LATER.

The steamer North America from Liverpool 27th and Londonderry 28th, arrived at Portland March 11th.

Papers relative to the American blockade were submitted to Parliament.

Earl Russell, in a letter to Lord Lyons, dated 15th ult., says the fact of ships have successfully ran the blockade does not prevent the blockade from being effectual, and argues that a neutral State ought to exercise the greatest caution with regard to a *de facto* blockade, and ought not to disregard it unless the power of the blockade is abused.

The *Presse* says the French government will send orders to the commander of the naval station in China not to permit a repetition of atrocities similar to those committed by the rebels at the capture of Ningpo. The English government will send similar instructions to the commander of their naval station in China.

Triste, Feb. 27. The garrison at Tripolitz are following the example of the garrison of Nauplia. They having revolted. It is believed that the insurrection at Nauplia will hold out. Many Greeks are now staying at Genoa, Leghorn and Ancona. They are preparing to return to Greece. The number of insurgents will soon be considerably increased. The insurrection is considered important because it might influence things in Turkey.

TWO DAYS LATER.

The Steamer Africa from Liverpool 1st and Queenstown 2d inst. arrived at New York 14th.

Gibraltar advices say it was the Lieutenant and not the Captain of the Samter, who was arrested.

Mr Griffiths, on the 3d, would call the attention of the House of Commons to the subject.

A dispatch from Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, dated Feb. 16th, is published in the papers. It says information shows that notwithstanding there has been a sufficient blockading force off Charleston and Wilmington, various ships have evaded the blockade. The Government is of opinion that if sufficient ships are stationed at the ports to prevent access, or to create evident danger to vessels leaving or intending to leave or providing such ships do not voluntarily permit violations, the fact that various ships may have successfully escaped will not of itself prevent the blockade from being effective. The adequacy of the force being always a matter of fact and evidence. A neutral State ought to exercise the greatest caution with regard to a *de facto* blockade and ought not to disregard it except when it entertains the conviction, shared by other neutrals, that the power of blockade is abused by a state, either unable to institute or maintain it, or unwilling from some other motive or other to do so.

It is asserted that Austria and Prussia have agreed on the terms of settlement of the Hesse question.

In the French Senate, Prince Napoleon demanded that the French troops should evacuate Rome.

The Committee of the Prussian Chamber of Representatives passed resolutions recognizing the Kingdom of Italy. The Ministry declared they will explain the policy of the government on a future occasion.

Athens, Feb. 25. The royal troops are within a quarter of an hour's distance of Nauplia. The government intends organizing and arming the population in the provinces threatened by insurrection. The King is expected back.

Madrid, March 1. According to advices from Tangiers, the Lieutenant of the Sumter had been released. Federal ships are watching the Sumter, which remained stationary at Gibraltar.

Paris March 1. The discussion in the French Chamber excites the greatest interest. Prince Napoleon asked for a suspension of the temporal power of the pope. LaGuerrondiere, the known confident of the Emperor, spoke in favor of the temporal power. The Ministry declared that they would explain the policy of the government on a future occasion.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$6 00 to $ 50	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 11 00
Corn Meal,	80 to 83	Mutton,	6 to 8
Rye Meal,	1 00 to 0 00	Turkeys,	7 to 11
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00	Chickens,	6 to 10
Rye,	80 to 85	Geese,	7 to 10
Corn,	75 to 80	Clover seed,	10 to 15
Beans,	1 50 to 2 00	Herdsgrass,	2 50 to 2 75
Oats,	40 to 43	Red Top,	75 to 1 75
Potatoes,	25 to 30	Hay,	8 00 to 10 00
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Lime	70 to 75
Cooking "	40 to 50	Fleece Wool,	40 to 43
Winter "	67 to 100	Pulled Wool,	43 to 45
Butter	15 to 17	Sheep Skins,	1 00 to 150
Cheese,	8 to 10	Hides,	5½ to 6
Eggs,	15 to 16	Calf Skins,	7 to 8
Lard,	12 to 13	Lamb Skins,	75 to 1 00
Round Hog,	$6 00 to 6 50		

BRIGHTON MARKET---March 13.

At market, 830 Beeves, 95 Stores, 1500 Sheep and Lambs and 1000 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $6.75; first quality $6,50; second do., $6,00; third do. $4.75 @ 5.50.

Working Oxen—$95, $100, $120 @ $135.

Milch Cows—$46 @ $49; common $20 @ $21.

Veal Calves—$4 @ $5.

Yearlings—$8 @ $9; two years old $18 @ $19; three years old $21 @ $22.

Hides—5½ @ 6c. *Calf Skins* 8 @ 9c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—sales at 6c @ 6½c ℔ lb.

Pelts—$1.50 @ $2.00.

Sheep and Lambs—$2,75 @ $3,50; extra 3,75 @ 4,50.

Swine—Stores wholesale 4½ @ 5 c.; retail 5 @ 6c.

Fat hogs, undressed, 5c; corn fed, 4½c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 23 to 34 ℔ cent.

Remarks—There is a decline of from 25 to 50c ℔ 100 lbs on Beef from last week's prices. There is a large supply of cattle at market, and they are of excellent quality. Sheep and Lambs sell 25c ℔ head lower than last week. Swine sell about the same as last week.

BOSTON MARKET....March 15.

FLOUR—We quote common brands Western at $5 00 @ 5 25; $5 50 @ 5 62½ for fancy; $5 75 @ 5 87 for extras; $6 25 a 7 50 for superior, including choice brands of St. Louis. Southern Flour $7 @ 8 75 ℔ bbl. for choice Baltimore brands.

CORN—Western yellow, 68 @ 70c, per bushel.

OATS—Western and Canada, 40 @ 42c ℔ bushel.

RYE—78c ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $15 to $16.

NEW YORK MARKET.....March 17.

FLOUR—State and western dull—Superfine State 5,35 a 5,45; extra 5.50 a 5.60; round hoop Ohio 5,80 a 5,95; superfine western 5,35 a 5,45; common to good extra western 5,50 a 5,80; Southern—mixed to good 5,80 a 6.10; fancy and extra 6.20 a 7,25. Canada quiet—superfine 5.40 a 5.60; extra 5,95 a 6,75.

Wheat—dull—Chicago spring 1,31 @ 1,35; Milwaukee club 1,30 a 1,36; red winter western 1,38 a 1,40; Iowa amber 1,35 a 1,38; Michigan amber 1,46 a 1,50.

Corn—dull—mixed western 59 a 60.

Special Notices.

"THIS IS MY DOCTOR."

We occasionally come across a chance and unsolicited notice of some well established medical remedy which conveys more than the most elaborate notice. A case in point occurs in the following extract from N. P. Willis' description of a visit to Washington Irving, at Sunny Side. "The hoarse old invalid complaining a little of hoarseness in his voice, I mentioned to him an alleviate I had lately chanced upon myself for a similar trouble—asking accidentally for some help to my hoarseness in an apothecary's shop, and getting a lozenge with a most mysterious name, which I had since found an invariable throat deepener for three notes in the gamut. I contrived to call to memory the Osawatamytic inscription on the box, ('Brown's Bronchial Troches,') and I was amused with the affectionate playfulness with which Mr. Irving called on one of his neices, (explaining aside 'this is my doctor,') to remember the name of the medicine."

CAUTION. As there are many imitations, ask for and OBTAIN only "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," which by long experience have proved their value, having received the sanction of physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country.

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A CARD.

We tender our sincere thanks to the citizens of Manchester, Winthrop, Readfield, Augusta and Hallowell, for their untiring exertions in saving our buildings and property at the burning of our factories in Manchester on the night of the 13th inst.

ALDEN SAMPSON & SONS.
Manchester, March 15, 1862.

Married.

In Augusta, March 15th, by Rev. J. H. Ingraham, Warren W. Robbins to Ann Springer, both of A.

At Beal's Hotel, Togus, March 15th, by Rev. Mr. Bray, Richard E. Norcross to Olive Cooper, both of Augusta.

In Wilton, March 8th, by R. B. Fuller, Esq., Charles Newell to Flora J. Hardy, both of W.

In Fayette, Feb. 23d, by J. H. Hutchinson, Esq., Elijah Gill to Priscilla P. Moulton, both of Chesterville.

In Bingham, Leonard Baker to Rosina S. Moore.

In Belfast, Jeremiah Robbins to Mary Ann Robbins.

In Searsport, James P. C. Sawyer to Lucy A. Sargent

In Windham, Samuel Libby to Mary E. Lighton.

In Portland, James J. Young to Jennie Holmes.

Died.

In Carthage, Feb. 23d, Mrs. Betsey wife of John Staples, aged 76 years and 6 months.

In China, March 8th, Mrs. Lucy Hodgkins, aged 80 years.

In Skowhegan, March 9th, Georgetta, only child of George and Emily A. Patterson, aged 1 year.

In Union, 10th inst. Helen L., widow of the late Jos. White, and daughter of Capt. Lewis Bachelder, aged 36.

On board steamer Star of the South, off Great Warsaw Island, Ga., 17th ult., Lieut. John H. Andrews, of the 9th Regiment Maine Volunteers, aged 23 years, son of Samuel Andrews of Freeport.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED,

That this Spring is the time to get a very nice lot of choice kinds of APPLE TREES at the

ISLAND NURSERY, Kendalls' Mills,

This Nursery has been cultivated the past seven years, and now contains sixty thousand apple trees, the most of which are straight, thrifty and hands me, and well rooted, although they have been grown on a light sandy soil, and have not been forced with dressing. There are now over forty kinds, selected expressly for this climate, nearly all of which are hardy and productive. Among which are the following:

SUMMER APPLES.	WINTER APPLES.
Early Harvest,	Baldwin,
Early Strawberry,	Fameuse,
Early Red Streak,	Golden Sweet, (Honey Green-ing,)
Golden Sweet,	Golden Russet,
German Bough,	Roxbury Russet,
Holland Pippin,	Hubbardston Nonsuch,
Primate,	King, (of Tompk

Poetry.

THE LAST MID-NIGHT OF SUMMER.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

I start at the door with sudden shock,
And shiver, before I turn the lock
As I hear, far off, the mid-night clock.

The last mid-night of summer sounds,
Like a ghostly watchman crying his rounds
Or the baying of Actæon's phantom hounds.

The crickets are singing their sad refrain,
Their dirge for the summer's perished reign,
In the long grass under the window pane.

The stars are bright in the deep blue sky—
Bright, and many, and oh! so high!
And each looks at me with a sleepless eye.

Summers ago they looked at me
Thus sadly and long, and silently,
As if there was something hidden to see.

Summers ago, in a half affright,
I shrank away from their piercing sight,
Even as I am shrinking to night.

Summers ago they bade me do
Something I missed, if I ever knew;
And they speak the same to-night in the blue.

Summer is gone—the white stars say—
We kissed its dying lips to-day,
And scarcely knew it was passing away.

Summer is gone; its waves no more
Will tremble low music along the shore;
They must meet the winter with sullen roar.

Summer is gone—its whispering leaves,
Its golden wealth of garnered sheaves;
And something within us pines and grieves.

Good-by to the hours in woodland haunts—
To the sea-side and the lake romance;
KATE will flirt no more, nor ISABEL dance.

Go in, as growing years require;
Put out the ashes of young desire,
And think of sitting down by the fire.

With youth and love, and faith and hope,
With all that widened the mental scope,
And made us able with fortune cope;

With MARY'S smile and MADGE'S kiss,
And hours full maddened with lawless bliss—
The heart's true summer—good-by to this.

Look down, white stars! There is nothing to see
But the world may sound with plummet free;
And cricket chirp on, but not for me.

Can you bring me back the summer fair,
And give me something of wrong repair?
No! Then let the dead lie still as they were

If MARGARET'S lips can kiss again,
By the alchemy of regretful pain,
Then sorrow and thought may not be in vain.

But if nothing past can never return
Nor lamps gone out rekindle and burn,
There is nothing to hope and little to learn.

Not deader when I lie in the mould
Shall be my night and hearing cold,
Than in the sleep that to-night shall enfold.

Good-by to summer! Let it go!
Other summers may dawn ere our heads lie low;
And if not, there have been enough, I know.

So enter the house and lock the door,
Let the stars shine on, and the cricket pour
His sad refrain: it is summer no more.

—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

Our Story-Teller.

THE FUR-DEALER'S CLERK.

We were seated at our respective desks—I ought to say in our cells—one morning. It was summer-time, being the beginning of July; but summer in St. Petersburg means one long hazy twilight, with the sun seen through it something like our red harvest moon, higher or lower in the sky according to the hour of the day, when a heavy sultry atmosphere, not unlike what we have in England before a thunder storm; in short, just the sort of a time in which to get lazy, and do nothing at all. The strange length of day, the dry, dreary mode of life, my own strangership in that foreign land, where I knew neither man nor language, had made me heartily tired of my St. Petersburg appointment, which looked so grand in prospect. I had delivered five letters of introduction at as many houses of my uncle's mercantile acquaintances, was assured of high consideration by every one of them, and never heard another word or sign of their existence. I walked round the magnificent streets and squares of palaces which distinguished the Russian capitol, I had peeped into dense pine forests which grew so close upon them; I had looked at the mujecks' hut beside the sluggish Neva, the great dilapidated ware-houses, and the ver dirty shipping which high tides brought under their windows. I had gone to the theatre and paid enormously for a bad seat; I had gone to the coffee houses, and got disgusted with popular habits. I had a general conviction that everybody was cheating me out of doors, and everybody watching me within, and any apology to get back to King William street would have been a god-send. In this frame of mind I was sitting and making believe to write, that dim, sultry day of the northern summer, when one of the opposite mirrors, which happened to stand higher than my barricades, showed me that a woman had actually entered the room.

I would as soon have expected to see a bird of paradise as a female face in that establishment; all our tables were spread, and, I believe cuisine and laundry done by men; but there was a woman dressed in what I instinctively knew to be the fashion out of Paris, not thirty at the outside calculation, with finely-moulded features for a Russian, a soft, fair complexion, light blue eyes, and hair of a golden yellow. She had come in so noiselessly that I was not aware of her presence till apprised by the mirror: and still more custonishing, she was speaking to Hardstaff. Their talk was low and earnest, and I must confess to listening: but they spoke in Russian. However, the eye sometimes does duty for the ear; by its help, and the lowness of the partition, I discovered to my unqualified amazement, that they were talking of myself. How I learned the fact, it would puzzle me to tell; I think it was something in the lady's look. Hardstaff's flinty visage never told tales, but when they had spoken for a few moments, he raised his voice and said in the tone of civil command in which he was pleased to address me: "Mr. Summerville, have the goodness to bring me the invoice of those seal skins to be sent to our house in London." It was then about furs they had been talking. Did the lady want to buy some of the seal skins that were packed up and almost ready for shipping to my uncle? No matter, it would give me an opportunity of getting a better sight of her. I had to pass her with the invoice, and that nearer view showed me that not only she was a very pretty woman, but also that I had seen the same looking out at the window of one of the great palaces in the wide and windy square of the admiralty. The lady looked at me now most graciously, and when I acknowledged her presence with my best bow, said, in very good English for a foreigner: "I am sorry, sir, to be the cause of giving you so much trouble."

I had not heard my native English for two months, except from the dry, disagreeable Hardstaff, and could have danced for joy on the spot to hear it uttered from those rosy lips; but as it was not desirable to be thought insane, I kept my British composure as well as I could, and stammered out: "No trouble at all."

"You are very good," said the lady. "Might I ask if you have been long in St. Petersburg?"

"Only two months," said I.

"And how do you like it?"

"I have scarcely had time to know."

"Well, it is true you English are a sensible people and do not make up your minds in a hurry. I have a great respect for the English,—how well she spoke our language—"I had a governess of your nation, the best creature in the world. What trouble she took to teach me the little English I know!"

"Her trouble was well bestowed, madame," said I, having by this time got my courage and my manners; "you speak it like a native."

"I did not know that Englishmen could flatter," said the lady, with the sweetest smile; and before I had time to rebut the charge, she added: "But tell me how you like the society here?"

"I have seen but very little as yet, madame."

"Ah perhaps you have no friends or relations in this city?"

"None, madame; I am quite a stranger."

She looked at me so kindly, so sympathizingly, I could have stood there for a fortnight; but Hardstaff handed me back the invoice, saying, with his accustomed frost: "It is all right;" and as I was expected to retire to my desk, I did so with another bow, to which the lady made a polite acknowledgement, talked a few moments more in Russian with Hardstaff, and went out as noiselessly as she had entered.

From that hour, Hardstaff grew more familiar and communicative with me, as if he had found out that I might be somebody. His society was about as pleasant as the fruit of a crab tree; but I had no choice of company; and wanted to hear what he knew regarding the lady. For once in his life, Hardstaff appeared willing to give the desired information. He told me she was the Countess Rozenski, a widow, rich, childless, and belonging to one of the first families in Esthonia. He further explained her coming to the warehouse, by letting me know that it had been the Rozenski Palace, and that the sea-skins shipped for my uncle had come from an estate most fertile in furs, which the countess owned in the government of Archangel. "It is not exactly her own," said Hardstaff, "but properly belongs to her husband's nephew. She is his guardian, however, and that is nearly as good as ownership in Russia."

Some days after this, on an afternoon when Hardstaff, by a most unusual chance, was not at his desk. I was sitting with the pen in my fingers, and the account-book before me, wondering if she would come again in my time, when there was a slight creak at the door, a light rustle of silk, the prettiest tinkle on the brass rail of the stove, and there stood Madame Rozenski.

"Ah, my English friend," she said, smiling with accustomed sweetness as I presented myself, "how glad I am to see you again! Shake hands; they always shake hands in your country, don't they? My governess told me so. How I long to visit England!"

It is to be hoped that I shook the small delicate hand, colored with lemon colored kid, as fashion then required, with becoming grace and ardor. I know that I was intensely charmed. She inquired for Mr. Hardstaff. I told her all I knew about him. She just hinted that her buiness was not very important or her time pressing. I, of course, offered her the best seat the place afforded, to await his return, and we got into conversation. As far as my memory serves me it was regularly opened by her ladyship inquiring once again how I liked the society of St. Petersburg. As we had shaken hands, and she had such a respect for the English, I relieved my mind by telling her the exact truth—that I knew nobody, and nobody knew me; that I had not a soul to speak to but Hardstaff, and was heartily tired and sick of my situation. The lady seemed to enter into my feelings to a degree which almost enchanted me, young as I was.

"Far from your relations, and without friends in a strange city," she said, "with no associate but the old man that sits at that desk—it is a hard trial. And you can't return to England without your uncle's permission, of course?"

"No," said I, "and he is a man to whom I should not wish to complain of solitude; he would laugh at me for being childish, and bid me mind my business."

"Ah, these money making old men think of nothing but business," said the countess. "But tell me, now, should you like to see society? I mean first class company—the world of fashion in St. Petersburg."

"Your ladyship, I am not accustomed to fashionable life; I have never been anything but a merchant's clerk."

"Yes, but you have a genteel air, and might be made presentable," she said, surveying me fro n head to foot with a look of the most candid and kindly patronage, "and as you are so lonely, if you will be a good boy and come to my house to-morrow evening, you will see a select circle of my best friends. It is only quadrilles, cards, and supper."

Was I dreaming, or did a Russian countess actually invite me out of Skindorkin & Co.'s counting house to quadrilles, cards, and supper? Then what apparel had I to appear in at the Rozenski Palace? Evening dress had never been counted among the requisites of my existence, and in the confusion of these thoughts I could only stammer out, "Much obliged to your ladyship, but—"

"You are thinking of your dress, young man," said the countess, laying her small hand lightly on my arm, and looking me archly in the face. "Well, don't disturb yourself about that; we can do fairies' work at Rozenski Palace, and you shall be my Cinderella. Just step round to the tea shop in the lane behind your warehouse, about seven to-morrow evening; you will find a carriage waiting there; step into it; it will bring you to the palace. The footman will show you a dressing room, where you will find everything requisite for a gentleman's toilet. Then ring the bell, and the footman will conduct you to my saloon."

I do not remember what I said by way of thanks and acknowledgment for this, it was so unlike anything I had ever met with, so far out of the common course; yet where is the young man in my position who would have refused?

"Oh, never mind," said the countess, cutting me short with another light pat on the arm. "You will be kind to some Russian, perhaps, who may be lonely in England, when you inherit your uncle's business and become a great merchant. You won't forget to be at the tea shop at seven. I can't wait for that old man any longer. Good bye."

She shook hands with me once more, and was going, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. 'My friend, I forgot to ask one thing," she said, turning at the door. Can you speak French?"

"No, madam," said I blushing to the roots of my hair, as I recollected that that was the language of good society in Russia, but my school days had been in the time of the long war, when French was neither so common nor so requisite as it has since become to men of business.

"Do you understand it at all?" and her look grew keenly inquiring.

"Not a word, madam."

"That is unfortunate; everybody of fashion speaks French here, and very few understand English; besides, nothing could convince them that you had not been brought up a mere peasant—a boor, you understand, if you could not speak French, but there is one expedient which has just occurred to me; you will pretend to be dumb. I know you are clever enough to act a part; it will be no loss, as you cannot understand what is spoken, but remember, not a sound before my guests or servants, it might bring us both to be talked of, and I want to let you see society. Good bye.

The door had closed upon her exit before I had well comprehended the curious arrangement, but the more I thought of it the more clever and advantageous it seemed. The Countess Rozenski had evidently taken an interest in me, was it friendly? was it more than that? A rich and childish widow, young and beautiful, moreover, had taken it into her head to show me good society, and make me presentable. The chance was worth following up, whatever it might lead to. Hardstaff came in about half an hour after, but of course he heard nothing about it. There was no reason why he should. Seven was our closing hour, then the supper came off; some of the clerks went for walks, or to see their friends; the lazy ones went to bed; some Russians can do a wondrous deal of sleeping.

Having pondered and congratulated myself on the invitation, and given the porter a silver rouble, to take no notice of my movements—a Russian understands such matters without speech—I went forth at seven on the following evening, as if to take my accustomed walk, and in front of the tea shop there stood a carriage—a very handsome one, but with no crest on its panels, and what I had often remarked in Russia struck me forcibly on this occasion; though the usual class of customers were coming and going to the shop, though dirty children played about, and lazy men sat smoking at every door, nobody looked curious or surprised to see such an equipage in their quarter. It was strange, too, how quickly the coachman seemed to know his fare; he opened the door the moment I approached, I stepped in, and away we went to the Rozenski palace.

I knew the city well enough to see that we were not going the direct way, however, and also that we stopped at the back entrance, which was in a narrow, sombre looking street, with a dead wall shutting in the grounds of a monastery right opposite. A footman in splendid livery received me, showed me through a passage and up a stairs to a dressing room elegantly furnished, where according to the countess' promise, I found everything requisite for a gentleman's toilet, including a complete suit for evening dress. The clothes were made more in the Parisian than the London style—so they seemed to me; but who had taken such an exact account of my proportions? They fitted me amazingly, and my whole appearance in the full-length mirror gave me courage for the rest of the trial. Having dressed, I rang the bell as commanded, and to my astonishment, who should answer it but the countess herself! She wore a magnificent evening dress, of which, not being skilled in ladies apparel, I can only say that it was very grand and very low, and that the lady looked to great advantage in consequence. The quantity of jewels flashing from her snowy neck and arms would have done some ladies good to see; but in she came, as friendly and familiar as she had been in the counting house.

"I just wanted to see how you looked before going down to the company. Ah! very well indeed," said she turning me round by the arm as if I had been her younger sister on the point of being brought out. Didn't I guess your fit, my dear boy? You will make conquests among the girls this evening. But don't forget your part of mute, it is all we can do for the present. Of course you will learn to speak French in time, I'll give you lessons myself. But now I must go to receive; the footman will conduct you to the saloon; do your devoirs as if you had not seen me, and don't forget that you are dumb."

She left me before I could make any reply. In another moment the footman was at the door. Under his escort, I reached the reception rooms. What a noble mansion it was! how extensive—how richly decorated—nothing more splendid than that suit of public rooms ever came under my eye. The furniture, mirrors, and pictures were on the most magnificent scale. I don't pretend to be a judge of such matters, but I have seen nothing like it since, and it fairly dazzled me then.

The countess was sitting in the central saloon; some of the company had already arrived, others were coming in. I heard the roll of carriages, the hum of voices, the rustle of silks. The novelty of the scene rather confused me, but I was determined to prove that I was clever enough to act my part. There might be a stake to win or lose that evening; so I walked straight up to Madame Rozenski, made the bow which had been extensively practiced for the occasion, saw in an opposite mirror that it was well done, and would have retired to a seat, when, to my utter amazement, she sprang from her velvet sofa, uttered a half scream of French, threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me on both cheeks. I never was so taken by surprise in all my life, and it is my firm conviction that I must have looked particularly foolish, but there was no time to recover myself; she took me by the arm instantaneously, marched me round the rooms, presented me to everybody, old and young; they all seemed wonderfully glad to see me, but as every one spoke French, there was no chance of forgetting my part. I bowed and smiled as well as I could; the countess did all the talking, and at last she conducted me back to the saloon, and set me down between two very plain and very large young women, with an astonishing amount of feathers and diamonds. They both talked to me with great civility, of course; I did not understand a word, but replied with nods and smiles, which seemed quite satisfactory. People came and came until the rooms were full. I saw officers in Russian uniform, with stars and ribbons on their breasts, and ladies in all sorts of finery, but there was not a pretty woman in the room except Madame Rozenski. She presented me to everybody; they all took as much notice of me as if I had been a foreign prince on my travels.

I did whatever she bade me, which she did, of course, by signs; played cards with three old ladies, danced with two young ones, handed herself to the supper table, and felt myself in a fairy land; the splendid dresses, the magnificent rooms, the hum of conversation, and the crowd of faces, were all so new, so different from my counting house life, that the whole seemed like a dazzling dream. At last the company began to scatter away; the daylight had waned and come again, as it does between eleven and one of that season. The countess whispered to me in a corner that I had better get home; my clothes were in the dressing room, and the footman would show me out; that was after a good many ladies and gentlemen had taken an almost affectionate leave of me. I went up accordingly, re-dressed, was shown out at the back gate, found my way to the lane, got in by the broken conservatory, but could not fall asleep till about half an hour before the great bell summoned us all to our places of business. I made up for it by sleeping over the desk that day. Our work was slowly as well as cheerlessly done. If Hardstaff observed anything, he made no remark; if he had, I should not have minded it; my head was full of the Rozenski palace, the fine company, and the countess. I have said she was a pretty woman; I had no doubt that she was rich, and it was impossible to doubt the interest she had in me. Nothing in the world would have taken me out of St. Petersburg now; I had come to a new life in the northern clime. Madame Rozenski was the first woman I had ever seriously thought of, and how could I help it under the circumstances?

The very next day, Hardstaff was gone from his desk again. I fancied he had taken to the tea shop, and thought it beneath him to be known. Gone he was, however, in the afternoon; and with the same creak, rustle, and knock, in came the countess. She made no excuse, did not ask for Hardstaff, but sat down at once, and began talking to me; how I liked her party—what I thought of the ladies—did I know what any of them had said of me, and would I like to come again?

I did my best to answer in a truthful manner, particularly as regarded the ladies. for I saw she had kept a remarkably close watch upon me all the evening. I also took occasion to insinuate my surprise at her own behavior and the general notice taker of me by the company.

"O, yes," said she, "I received you as an old friend—that is the best passport to society. They were all friendly of course. That is our way in Russia, we are quite a warm-hearted people."

They do not look so, but no doubt they were I would have believed anything that woman said.

She congratulated me on appearing to such advantage; said she should have credit in my bringing out; assured me that the two ladies between whom I sat were her late husband's cousins, and heiresses to great estates in Red Russia; and advised me not to let, them or anybody else know I was not dumb till she taught me French. "Then," said she, "the recovery of your speech will be so interesting. But I am not forgetting that I want you to write something in my album;" and opening a flat parcel she had brought under her arm, the countess presented me with a beautiful book of the kind with illuminated borders, backs of carved ivory, and all manner of handwritings and languages on its satin-like pages.

"There you are to write some English poetry—anything you like from Shakespeare or Byron, within that border of forget-me-nots. It will be a specimen of your hand writing and your taste, for me to keep when you have gone back to your own England, and forgotten me."

I will never forget you, madame," said I, and might have said more, but she rose with—"There is somebody coming—I must go. Bring the book with you to-morrow evening, at seven, remember. I won't send the carriage; it might attract attention; the footman will be waiting for you at the back gate. Good bye, my dear young friend;" and the counting house door closed between her and me.

With all the care and precision requisite for such a task, I copied a passage from Romeo and Juliet into the ivory album. It was intended to indicate my private sentiments. I don't think I was actually in love, but Madame Rozenki, though some years older than myself, was a young, fair, and wealthy widow, and what man at twenty-two would not have fallen into the snare?

I copied the passage and went to the party. The footman received me at the back gate, and showed me to the dressing room. I got arrayed, rang the bell, and was inspected by the countess, in another rich evening dress, was approved of, conducted to the drawing room, presented to scores of more company, set to dance, play cards, and hand ladies, and allowed to go home in my old clothes, and creep in at the conservatory window as I had done before.

There were, I believe, two or three more invitations by notes brought me by a dirty boy, from the tea shop; but my first evening at the palace serves so completely for all that followed, that I have no additional particulars to record.

An inexperienced person would scarcely believe how rapidly the charms of the scene faded away, or rather became tiresome. The mere sight of grandeur and finery, which seemed so dazzling and fairy-like at first, on the second or third repetition lost its novelty. As I could not understand a word that was said, the real ammusement of the company was lost to me. Playing the mute's part for so many hours, and going home with nothing but a glare of lights and jewelry in one's eyes, and getting up to business after an hour or two of broken sleep to doze over the desk all the day, seemed all cost and no profit. If madame had given me a quiet interview with herself in one of the back rooms, where one might get up one's courage and make one's declaration, it would have been something worth losing sleep, bribing porters, and shirking Hardstaff for; but the lady called me her dear young friend, presented me to her company, and gave me hints on deportment. What better signs of a tender interest could any man expect?

I was weighing the whole subject in my mental balance one day in the counting-house. I had not missed Hardstaff; but the creak, the rustle, and the light knock brought me out of my own barricades to see that his own desk was vacant and Madame Rozenski had taken possession of the only chair that we kept for strangers.

The usual remarks and enquiries about her last party having passed, she began to compliment me on the elegance of my hand writing as exhibited in her album, a countess-dowager and two heiresses from Moscow had admired it, and I made a bold attempt to direct her attention to the meaning of the passage written, and its suitability to my peculiar case, by saying, "How do you like the lines I selected?"

"Ah, they are moving," said the countess, with a very embarrassed look. You should not have writen them; I must not hear such things; you know not all; I am an unhappy woman." Here she sighed deeply."

"You unhappy, madame?" said I, coming a step or two nearer, for the opportunity was one not to be lost.

"Yes," said the countess, casting her eyes to the ground, "but do not ask me, I cannot tell you; yet you are the only person I can depend on." Her eyes were raised now, and looked me keenly in the face: "Will you do me a service?"

At the risk of my life, madame," said I and the offer was honestly made.

"Well, I believe you, but fortunately there is no such requisite; all I want you to do is to make a fair copy of this paper;" and she produced from her pocket a pretty large one, neatly folded. "You see, she continued, spreading it before me "it is a law paper absolutely necessary in a very important suit—one which may result in riches or ruin. I must give it up to the court, but as it might be lost, or get into my enemy's hands, an accurate copy would be of the greatest importance to me. Family reasons make it unadvisable to entrust such a paper to any clerk or lawyer, but I can trust you. If you will take the trouble of copying it, word for word, letter for letter, in your own clear, beautiful hand, I will never forget the obligation.

An instantaneous offer to do that or anything else she wanted, was the only reply I could make.

"Thank you, thank you," said the countess placing the paper in my hand, which, by the by, she pressed. "You are the only man in the world from whom I could ask such a service, and to your honor and discretion I can trust for keeping the secret. I know it, I know it," she continued, cutting short my protestations of prudence in all that concerned her. When do you think you can get it finished?"

"To-morrow," said I glancing hastily over the paper; it was large, a folio sheet of parchment, and written in the old Sclavonic character, which is still employed in Russian law and theology.

"Well, to-morrow evening bring it to my house, the footman will admit you at the back gate, and I will explain everything to you in my boudoir. Be particular in copying this;" and pointed to some words like a signature at the end of the paper. "Good bye; I must go. Come between seven and eight;" and the countess was out of the door before she could hear my promise to be punctual.

I copied the paper with great attention to accurate transcription and strict secrecy.

Word for word, letter for letter, as Madame Rozenki directed, I traced out in the privacy of my own room, so as not to be seen by Hardstaff, the curious Sclavonic writing, of which I did not understand a syllable.

The work cost me a sleepless night, but it was finished in good time. No eye could have told the difference between the copy and the original; nobody had cause to suspect what I was about; and with service done, and the great opportunity in the boudoir in prospect, I repaired to the back gate of Rozenski palace between seven and eight.

The same footman admitted me, and with the accustomed look, motionless and stolid; but instead of leading on to the boudoir, as I expected, he handed me a sealed note, and stood by in the passage until I read it. That process did not occupy much time. The billet, which was dated 10 A. M., contained only this:—

"*My Dear Young Friend*:—Unforseen circumstances oblige me to set out immediately for Archangel; I must therefore lose this pleasure of receiving you this evening: but we will meet again at my return, when I hope to make more fitting acknowledgements for your friendship. Please to give the papers, both copy and original, to the footman; he has orders to forward them; and believe me yours, in great haste,

CATHERINE ROZENSKI."

It was her own hand-writing, and only one course remained for me: I gave the papers to the footman. Having no knowledge of each other's language, no questions could be asked or answered; and I went home, wondering what business could have called her so suddenly to Archangel, when she would return, and what acknowledgements were to be made to me.

These wonders were still fresh in my mind, when, a few days after, the English packet brought me a letter from my uncle, earnestly requesting my immediate return to England. It was so brief and so hastily written, that I concluded the old man must be very ill, and thinking of his heirs and successors. Hardstaff, to whom I showed the letter, by way of apology for my precipitate departure, was of the same opinion, and thought I should lose no time.

No time was lost; I set out with the English mail packet. It was reckoned a fortnight then from St. Petersburg to London; but I reached King William street in the forenoon of the tenth day, to find my uncle well and busy in his counting house.

In answer to my hasty inquiry why he had sent for me, the old man looked mysterious, beckoned me into his private room, and put into my hands a letter from Skinderkin & Co., in which he was informed, in the most business-like manner, that the interests of the firm and my own safety made it advisable that I should leave St. Petersburg immediately, as I had incurred the resentment of a noble Russian family.

The case was now clear to me; and I was sent home to England, through her high born relation's dread of a *mesalliance*.

I felt myself the hero of a real romance; but what was to be done? Her address in Archangel was unknown to me; and even if it had been known, who could say into whose hands my letter might fall? Better to wait, and see what chance time might bring. For the present, I parried my uncle's lectures and inquiries by giving him to understand that I could not help the partiality of a rich widow and a countess.

The old man seemed to think it very unaccountable; so did everybody who heard it except my mother, good woman; she calculated on officiating at a wedding breakfast in the Rozenski palace.

I became somebody, even in the housekeeper's opinion, but had subsided into my old place in the counting house and my seat in the back parlor, when, with the last packet, which left just before the frost had closed the Baltic, who should arrive but Mr. Hardstaff!

He had resigned his office under Skinderkin & Co., and was on his way to Yorkshire, where he intended to spend the rest of his days in genteel retirement by the aid of his Russian savings. They had got two Scotchmen in lieu of both him and me; but some affairs he was commissioned to wind up brought him to King William street; and I took the only opportunity now in my power to learn something of the countess, by asking him, when we chanced to be left by ourselves, if Madame Rozenski had been calling at the counting house of late.

"O no," said he; "she sends her steward now; she wants no more silly young men to do her business."

"What business do you mean?" said I.

"What you did for her—helping to get her nephew's estate in Archangel. The boy had died while he was yet a minor, in the monastery just behind her palace, where she had placed him to be educated and out of the way. He was dumb, you see, and had been dead for two years, but nobody knew that. She got the rents and the furs, and at last contrived a scheme—I suppose because you looked a fit subject for it—to pass you off for her dead nephew with her company at her palace, and make you copy out a will leaving the estate to her. I believe the monks and she got up a funeral when you got fairly out of St. Petersburg. Of course, she made Skinderkin & Co. send you." And the amiable man smiled.

"What did you get for helping in the business?" said I, feeling that every word he spoke was true.

"Fools do the work, and wise folks get the profit," responded my excellent senior. "But I must tell you she is married to a prince—one of the Romanoff family, they say; and I would advise you to keep well out of Russia; it would never do for people to know the strange way she took to get her legacy."

A SPECIMEN OF SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

A veracious story is told of Gen. Tilghman, who was extremely pompous and egotistic after his surrender. On board the steamer New Uncle Sam the headquarters of Gen. Grant, Tilghman asked that supper should be prepared for his privates, but was informed the rule was confined to the commissioned officers, and that his men could be supplied only with rations. "You have no objection, then, to giving twenty-eight of my men supper, if I pay for it, have you?" The answer was in the negative, and supper was accordingly prepared. As soon as it was finished, the rebel general remarked to the steward of the boat, "I have nothing but Tennessee money, and I know you do not want that," and coolly walked away.

An aid of Tilghman having been guilty of improper conduct after the surrender, General Grant ordered him to be placed in separate confinement, whereupon Tilghman interfered again:

"As soon as this order and its fulfilment became known, Tilghman waxed warm with wrath and indignation, and, quoth he, 'It is barbarous, it is disgraceful and shameful, and he was astonished, as it was contrary to his expressed agreement with Gen. Grant;' to which last remark Captain Hillier replied that it was the first intimation that he had received, that his (the rebel Lloyd Tilghman's) surrender was not unconditional. But he did not care for that; it was an insult upon civilized warfare; and he stated that he was determined to protect his officers. Capt. Hillier further informed the chivalrous Tilghman that the proper place to have done that was behind his guns; after which the meeting adjourned, as the blustering rebel had no reply to make to this scorcher."

Correspondent of the Louisville Journal tells this story of an impudent demand which he made upon Gen. Grant:

"Tilghman had the assurance to ask Gen. Grant *to extend to him the freedom of the city of Paducah*—in order that he might be in close communication with his friends and sympathizers—which, of course, Gen. Grant refused him, stating, however, that if he desired the freedom of a city, he would send him to Chicago or Cleveland, but he preferred confinement in Paducah."

The War for the Union.

THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

Despatches from Fortress Monroe state that the Monitor came down the river on Monday, and was greeted with enthusiastic cheers from the various vessels in the harbor. Gen. Wool and staff, and Assistant Secretary Fox went on board the Monitor. She was found not to be damaged in the slightest degree, and is as well prepared as ever for another conflict. Her performance was perfectly satisfactory to her officers and men, and they all speak of her in the highest terms of praise.

It is generally believed now that the Merrimac must have received serious damage. It is the testimony of some that she was considerably listed on one side as she went behind Sewall's Point, probably to repair some leak above the water line.

The accounts of the fights on Saturday and Sunday, given by newspaper correspondents, contain some additional features of interest.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says:

"The Monitor for nearly four hours steamed round and round the Merrimac, sometimes at a distance of half a mile, sometimes touching her, constantly hammering her with immense shot from her two guns. The effort was to hit her stern, which was believed to be the heel of this Achilles; but the Merrimac, aware of this, kept turning, also trying to strike the Monitor with her beak. Once only the Monitor got into position behind the Merrimac, but unfortunately, the turret didn't stop rotating at the right moment, and the shot missed their mark. In the course of the fight the Monitor discharged from eighty to ninety shots, and the Merrimac, flying, as some officers think, a black flag, some two hundred. At length the Merrimac retired with her consort. Her stern seemed to observers to sink lower in the water than when she came out. She was towed off by the tugs, and some say that her crew or a portion of them were seen upon her roof, as if afraid that she would go down. Lieut. Worden, commander of the Monitor, is sure that he put three shots through her, and the general opinion at Fortress Monroe is that she was disabled, but Assistant Secretary of the Navy (Fox), who was on the ground, thinks otherwise."

The *Herald's* correspondent says:—

"The firing was so rapid that both crafts were obscured in columns of white smoke for a moment or more. The ramparts of the fort, the rigging of the vessel in port, the houses and the bend were all crowded with sailors, soldiers and civilians. When the rapid firing alluded to took place, these spectators were singularly silent, as if doubtful as to the result. Their impatience was soon removed by the full figure of the Monitor, with the Stars and Stripes flying at her stern, steaming around the Merrimac, moving with the ease of a duck on the water. The distance between the vessels was about forty feet. In this circuit the Monitor's guns were not idle, as she fired shot after shot into her antagonist, two of which, it is alleged, penetrated the Merrimac's sides.

The Merrimac made several attempts to run at full speed past the Monitor to attack and run down the Minnesota. All these attempts were parried, as it were, by the Monitor. In one of these attempts by the Merrimac she ran her plough or ram with full force against the side of the Monitor; but it only had the effect of careening the latter vessel in the slighest degree. The rebel boats Yorktown and Patrick Henry kept at a safe distance from the Monitor. The former vessel, at the beginning of the fight, had the temerity to come within respectable range of the Monitor. The latter fired one shot at her, entering her pilot-house, carrying it away, and, no doubt, killing a number of rebels. She retired out of range.

The fight raged hotly on both sides, the opposing batteries moving around each other with the skill, ease and dexterity of expert pugilists. The Merrimac, though the strongest, did not move with the dexterity of her antagonist; hence the Monitor had the advantage of taking choice of position. At a quarter before 12 o'clock, noon, Lieutenant Hepburn, the signal officer on the ramparts at Fortress Monroe, reported to General Wool that the Monitor had pierced the sides of the Merrimac, and in a few minutes the latter was in full retreat, heading for Sewall's Point, and chased for a few minutes by the Monitor. The Merrimac had evidently suffered to some extent, and it was thought at one time that she was sinking. After she got safely under the guns of the rebel battery at Sewall's Point, stopped and signalled for help from her consorts, who were beating a retreat. Subsequently two tugboats, or gunboats, went alongside and took her in tow, and proceeded to Norfolk. This ended the engagement.

On examining the Monitor after the engagement, though shell after shell had exploded on her decks, and solid shot struck the tower, yet no perceptible damage had been done to the vessel, nor injury to the crew, with the exception already mentioned. One of the crew of the Monitor was asked how the boys felt during the engagement. He replied, 'Oh, first rate; the shot and shell from the Merrimac sounded like hailstones on our decks.'"

Mr. A. B. Smith, pilot on board the Cumberland at the time of her battle with the Merrimac, arrived in New York on Monday evening. He furnished the *World* with an account of the fight, from which we make the following extracts.

"The Monitor came in Saturday night, and proceeded up past the Minnesota. The rebel steamers Jamestown and Yorktown were not ironplated, or, at any rate, only partially so. They came down in the daylight, making for the Minnesota, but to their surprise found the Monitor ready to receive them. On Sunday morning the Monitor moved close up to the Merrimac, and, side by side, engaged her for four hours and twenty minutes. Once the Merrimac dashed her iron prow squarely against the Monitor, but did not injure that vessel in the least. The Monitor, in turn determined to try her force in a similar operation, but in some unaccountable manner the wheel or other steering apparatus became entangled, it is said, and the Monitor rushed by, missing her aim.

Captain Worden is confident that he put three shots through the hull of his antagonist—probably through the ports. The Monitor fired 178 pound cast iron snot. The wrought iron shot were not used, because their great weight and peculiar construction renders the guns much more liable to burst. The Merrimac fired about forty shots on the Monitor, which replied rapidly as possible, but so far as it is known, neither vessel is damaged. Those on board the Monitor say the balls rattled and rang upon both vessels and seemed to bound off harmless. The Merrimac is probably not injured, at least more than the starting of a plate or so of her iron covering, and her machinery being uninjured, she is probably fit to come out again. It is impossible to keep the Merrimac from coming out. She can sail three knots an hour faster than the Monitor. From her evolutions I should judge she can go at the rate of eight or nine knots per hour. It is impossible to board the Merrimac. Should she come out again she will be obliged to pass within range of the Union gun at the Rip Raps, and a shot from it might perhaps crush her sides, but it is very difficult to manage so heavy a piece of artillery, and the Union gun, in all probability, might be fired fifty times without touching her. I do not think the Merrimac is calculated to carry much coal, and that might have been a reason for her retiring from the contest. The Monitor perhaps might follow up the rebel steamers and disable them, but if she gets among the rebel batteries a heavy fire might be concentrated on her from different points, and she be thus injured, or possible she might be grappled to and towed ashore. These and other reasons may suffice to show why the Monitor did not follow among the batteries of Craney Island and Norfolk.

The Cumberland went down with the stars and stripes floating, and the guns never stopped belching forth their iron hail until the water closed over them. Though the deck was thick with dead and dying, and the sharp prow of the Merrimac was ripping up the frigate's bottom, there was no blenching, no panic, no thought of surrender.

All the papers of the corvette Cumberland having gone down with her, it is impossible to obtain a list of the killed and missing. The latest and most correct account is 116, and it will probably be reduced to 100. The names can only be ascertained at the navy department by comparison with the pay rolls.

On board the Congress was one company of the Union Coast Guard, 99th N. Y. regiment. Captain McIntyre. She had 7 killed; 16 wounded, 9 missing. On board the Whitehall, 3 were killed and 3 wounded.

The Minnesota lost 6 men killed and 17 wounded, not including any officers. So far as known she is said to have received quite a number of shots.

The Roanoke received but 2 shots, and little damage was occasioned by them. No casualty occurred on board, except the falling of a man from aloft.

THE ROUT OF THE REBELS AT PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS.

ST. LOUIS, March 11:—The following is the official report of Gen. Curtis to Gen. Halleck:—

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST.
Pea Ridge, Arkansas, March 9th, 1862.

General:—On Thursday, the 6th inst., the enemy commenced an attack on my right wing, assailing and following the rear guard of a detachment under General Sigel to my main body on Sugar Creek Hollow, but ceased firing when he met my reinforcements, at about 4 P. M. During the night I became convinced that he had moved on so as to attack my right or rear, therefore early on the 7th, I ordered a change of front to the right, which thus became my left, still resting on Sugar Creek Hallow. This brought my line across Pea Ridge with my new right resting on Big Sugar Creek. I also ordered an immediate advance of the calvary and the light artillery under Col. Osterhaus, with orders to attack and break what I supposed would be the reinforced line of the enemy. This movement was in progress, when the enemy, at 11 A. M., commenced an attack on my right. The fight continued mainly at these points during the day, the enemy having gained the point held by the command of Col. Carr at Cross Timber Hollow, but being entirely repulsed with the fall of the commander, McCulloch in the centre, by the forces under Colonel Davis.

The plan of attack on the centre was gallantly carried forward by Col. Davis's entire division, supported also by Gen. Sigel's command, which had remained until near the close of the day on the left. Col. Carr's division held the right under a galling and continuous fire all day.

In the evening, the firing having entirely ceased in the centre, and the right being now on the left, I reinforced the right by a portion of the 2d division under Gen. Asboth. Before the day closed I was convinced that the enemy had concentrated his main force on the right. I commenced another change of front forward so as to force the enemy where he had deployed on my right flank in a strong position.

The change had only been partially effected, but was in full progress, when, at sunrise on the 8th, my right and centre renewed the firing, which was immediately answered by the enemy with renewed energy along the whole extent of his line. My left under Gen. Sigel, moved close to the hills occupied by the enemy, driving him from the heights and advancing steadily towards the head of the Hollows. I immediately ordered the centre and right wing forward, the right turning the left of the enemy and cross firing on his centre. This final position of the enemy was in the are of a circle. A charge of infantry extended throughout the whole line completed the rout of whole rebel force, which retired in great confusion, but rather safely through the deep, impassable defiles of Cross Timber.

Our loss is heavy. That of the enemy can never be ascertained, for ther dead are scattered over a large field. Their wounded too, may, many of them